

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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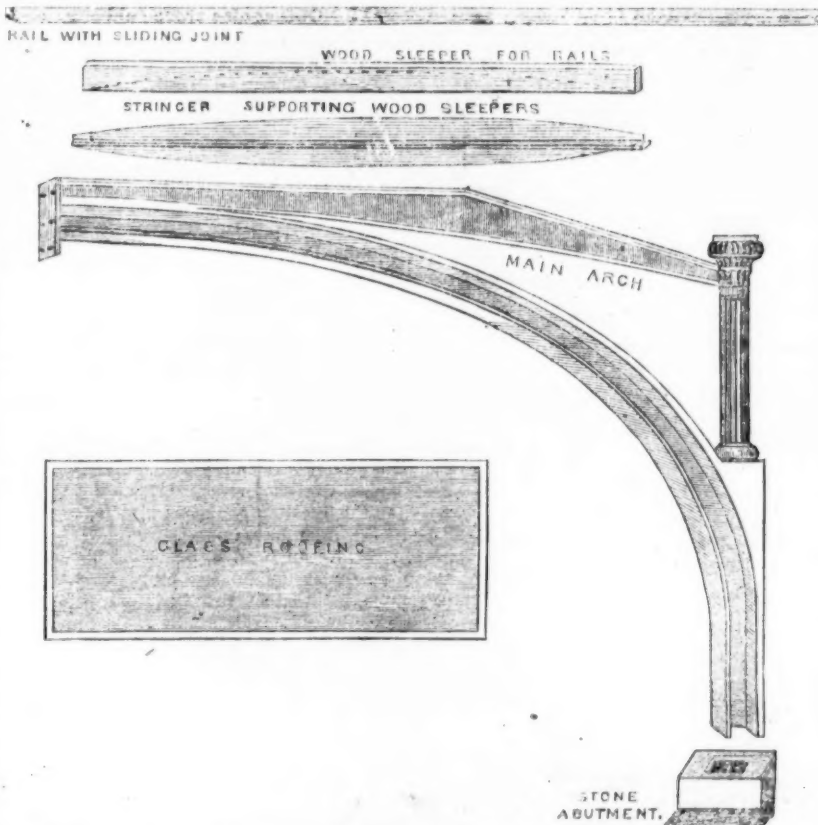
NEW YORK, MARCH 3, 1866.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS \$1.00.]

Spain and the South American Alliance.

The last steamer from the Isthmus brings us the news of the ratification of a treaty, offensive and defensive, between Chile and Peru, and of the formal declaration of war by the latter against Spain. This effete power, therefore, baffled and humiliated in Santo Domingo, now finds herself embroiled in a deadly struggle with Chile, the most vigorous and enterprising of the republics of South America, and with Peru, the richest of all the American republics, with the single exception of the United States. The proximate results of this contest are plain. Spain will be again beaten and humiliated. Of her last squadron sent into the Pacific against the same combatants, not a single vessel returned to the Peninsula. Not one of the present squadron, which it has cost her utmost efforts to get together and sustain, will ever see the Atlantic, except through ignominious flight. So much we venture to predict, without pretending to the gift of prophecy, but as a fair and inevitable deduction from facts and conditions obvious to every mind.

In the first place, Spain is bankrupt. She stands lowest in the scale of repudiating states. Even the profligacy of Turkey has not dragged the credit of that superfluous empire so low as has the faithlessness of Spain hers. Her bonds are nominally at 14 and 25 per cent., and would run still lower if the unfortunate holders had the audacity to put any considerable amount on the market! The bonds of Peru, on the other hand, stood lately, and probably now stand, at a premium. Those of Chile, if not so high, are certainly three to four times higher than those of Spain. Now as war is costly, and as a war carried on against Peru and Chile, eleven thousand miles away, must be especially so, it follows that the



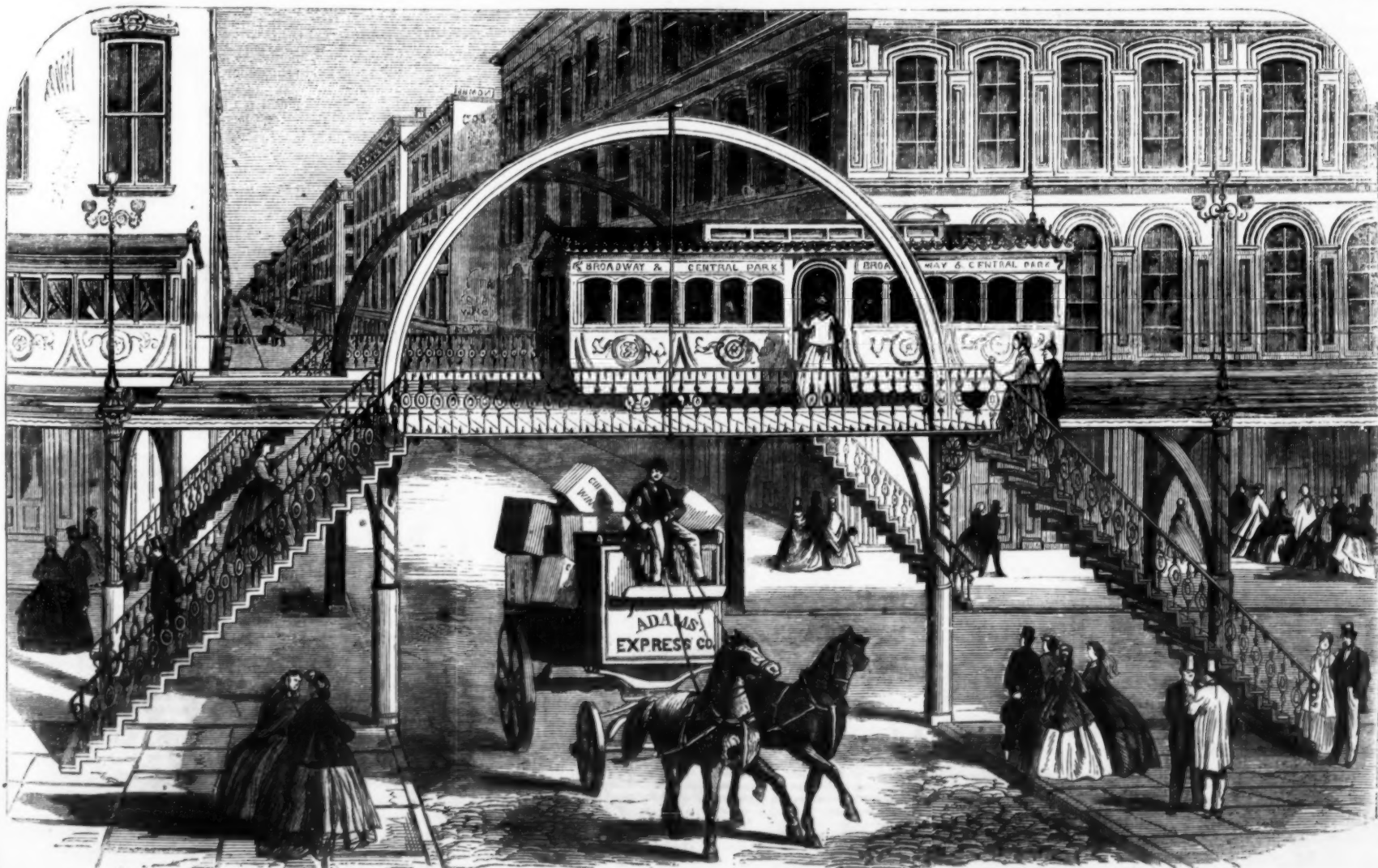
THE BROADWAY RAILROAD—COMPOSITION OF THE STRUCTURE, ONE SECTION OF FIFTEEN FEET.

longest purse, or what is equivalent, the being approximately equal. Spain cannot better credit, will win—other circumstances raise money. Peru and Chile can. So far as

superior means, therefore, may enter into the conflict, the chances are with the South American republics.

But, as Napoleon said, "the Lord is on the side of the heaviest battalions." How stands the issue under this aspect? It may be safely assumed that Spain, even if she had the transports, could not send out to the Pacific coast, and support there, a sufficiently large land force to effect a lodgment, or hold any important position. Her powers of offense are limited to purely naval operations. Then the question arises, How can these be made effective in a coercive sense? With the exception of Valparaiso and Callao, the ports of Peru and Chile are of no consequence *per se*. Valparaiso may be blockaded and bombarded, but Callao is too strongly fortified to be assailed, except at such risks as no Spanish commander would dare to assume. All the other ports on the coast are of slight importance, made up of paltry sheds, in which goods rest for a few hours before being shipped, or after being landed. They might be destroyed entirely, without making any serious impression, and without hardly creating an irritation. To blockade, seize, or destroy them, would be mere waste of time, means and effort. But it would be impossible for the largest naval power in the world (which Spain is not), to blockade 3,000 miles of coast with more than a hundred available ports. Even now the ostentatious blockade of Chile has been reduced to that of the single port of Valparaiso, where all the Spanish vessels have been concentrated for mutual protection!

Peru may be supposed to be specially vulnerable in her guano islands. But it must be remembered that these islands produce no food or fuel, not even a drop of water, which must be brought from the mainland, where no Spanish force could land, except at risk of



THE PROPOSED BROADWAY RAILROAD—THE BRIDGE ELEVATION AT THE STREET CROSSING.

almost certain destruction; and further, all existing means for the extraction and shipment of guano are taxed to their utmost capability in filling English, German, French and other contracts, which have to run over many years, and with which Spain dare not interfere. Her late seizure of the islands gave her no tangible return, for she was unable to collect a single dollar from all the amounts of guano loaded during the ten months of her so-called occupation.

Outside of the islands, Peru is absolutely invulnerable. Her simple inertia is more potential than the demonstrative force of the most powerful European nation. But Peru has something more than her natural impenetrability in her favor. She has a positive naval force, which may be rapidly augmented, with the aid of Chile, so as to be able to cope, with the best chance of success, with that of Spain. A double-turreted monitor and an iron-clad frigate have lately sailed from England for Callao, which, with the existing war vessels of Peru, will make a very formidable squadron—perhaps, if well manned, the most formidable in the Pacific.

The Spanish Admiral showed, in the most marked manner possible, his sense of the hopelessness of the attempt to coerce Chile by blockade. He found that if he separated his vessels for that purpose, they would be destroyed in detail. The capture of the Covadonga opened his eyes to that danger, and he blew out his brains in sheer despair. If a blockade of Chile proved to be impossible, what can this mode of coercion be expected to avail against both Chile and Peru, especially when, as now appears certain, Ecuador and Bolivia will join those two republics in their offensive and defensive alliance?

To bombard Valparaiso, or even Callao, would only be an act of vengeance, exciting Chile and Peru to more vigorous action, without weakening their strength or seriously affecting their resources. And as most of the property in these ports belongs to foreigners, the act would only tend to provoke their enmity, and perhaps exertions, against Spain, while embroiling her with foreign governments, none too well inclined to treat her with favor.

From our point of view, Spain is utterly impotent as against the new and growing South American combination. Persistence in the policy she has undertaken in the Pacific must bring her defeat and dishonor, which in turn must seriously react on her domestic affairs, already in a disordered, not to say critical condition.

It would be a severe but not undeserved punishment, if her wanton, boastful and insulting interventions and aggressions in Santo Domingo and South America, undertaken in the belief that the power of the United States was permanently broken, should result not alone in a change of dynasty in Spain, but in a radical change in the institutions of the country. We may regard the severance of Cuba as another not impossible but probable result. Let us contemplate the contingency of the destruction of the Spanish squadron in the Pacific by the combined fleets of the South American republics. What is then to prevent them from guaranteeing their future security by effectively and for ever crippling what remains of the power of Spain, by depriving her of the last of her American possessions? They would not only have the right to do so in their character as belligerents, but there would be something chivalric and noble in disenthraling their brethren, the people of Cuba, and lifting from their necks a heavy and offensive yoke! In doing so, spite of the utmost vigor of our government in enforcing its neutrality obligations, they would be largely supported and assisted by something more tangible than an undivided public sentiment in their favor. This sentiment, we may add, would be so strong, that any intervention by France (the only nation at all likely to undertake it) to support Spanish dominion in Cuba, would result in throwing the sword of America in the scale, and in a war which could not fail to drag down both Bonaparte and Bourbon.

Whatever may be the value of these speculations, it is certain that the contest which Spain has provoked in the Pacific has already reached unexpected and formidable proportions, and promises to test if not baffle her utmost strength. Failure, on her part, seems almost inevitable. And is not failure revolution and dismemberment? Spain has found her Nemesis.

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FRANK LESLIE,
537, Pearl Street, N. Y.

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MARCH 3, 1866.

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NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner.

THE wonderful extent to which this new and well-conducted paper has secured the popular favor, may be judged by the fact that, of the last number, no less than

150,000 copies were sold

within a few days of its publication. Its varied and attractive contents, embracing contributions of the highest character, illustrated with care, and adapted to the general amusement and sound instruction of the home circle, make it indeed the first family paper in America.

To meet so immense a demand would be impossible to an ordinary establishment; and, indeed, it taxes the resources even of the publisher, especially to strike off, with proper care, the elegant Presentation Plate, "Grant in Peace," which has elicited such universal praise.

Abuse of Language.

If there be one thing above all others that has been impressively and decisively established during this century, it is this, that the United States shall be a nation; that it shall be a unit, with power to suppress disorganization at home and resist aggression from abroad. As Time's last and grandest birth, it has been determined that it shall live—not a mere selfish existence, but for the greatest good of its own people, and an exemplar for mankind.

If there be an illusion, or delusion, more absurd or wicked than any other, it is that which is involved in the wish or hope of dismemberment. If there be a folly more absurd or wicked than any other, it is that which finds expression in suggestions of the possibility, under any circumstances, of the dismemberment, and the consequent inevitable decay and destruction, of the American Union.

Paltry partisan or factional editors talk of the possible disruption of the United States, and make disruption the alternative to the rejection or adoption of measures, which can no more really affect the question of the national life than the accidental alighting of a fly on the spoke of a coach-wheel can affect the velocity or destination of the vehicle.

The manner in which "able editors" deal with stern and portentous realities would be amusing, if it were not pitiable and repulsive.

Thus we have a newspaper in this city, at present the ablest—we had almost said the only—organ of the so-called "democracy," insisting that certain measures shall be carried through Congress, and demanding that the President himself, the sworn defender of the Constitution, shall violate its most solemn and important provisions, and, by a *coup d'état*, inaugurate a revolution on his own account, coincident with that which the nation has so sternly repressed! Its followers in the South scout the process which our fathers have instituted for reforming evils of government. They deride the forms as well as condemn the essence of free institutions. One of them, at least, has the ineffable insolence to suggest that "the ballot-box is too slow a process as a remedy for existing grievances." It has the audacity and wickedness to tell its readers that the President should send a regiment of troops to install certain persons claiming to be Members of Congress, in face of the Constitutional provision that both Houses of Congress shall be the sole judges of the qualifications of their own members.

The same radical, or, rather, revolutionary, spirit is manifested in another newspaper, that professes to be "conservative." We refer to the *Times*, of this city. That paper tells us that a majority of Congress, coming freshly from the people, and, *prima facie*, representing their matured views, "have been trying to destroy the Union!" This arraignment of the national will is as audacious as the suggestion of a *coup d'état* of the President is infamous. "Trying to destroy the Union!" Do the writers for the *Times* know the value—do they consider the weight of words? If they mean to say that, in the reorganization of the country, consequent on its late terrible dislocation, there may be, as in the nature of the case there must be, wide differences of opinion, no one can refuse assent. Differences do and must exist, and may be sustained with more or less of obstinacy, and in language varying with the temperament and education of the individual. But that there is an individual in Congress, much less a sufficient aggregation of individuals to be called a faction, "trying to destroy

the Union," is either a careless, reckless arraignment, or a libel.

Some of us can remember the time when parties were divided on questions of no greater importance than whether the proceeds of the sale of public lands should be divided among the States, and when we were told that the salvation of the country, and its permanence depended upon a prompt and satisfactory decision of the question. Our orators made up in extravagance of language for the lack of substance and interest in the issues on which they called the people to act. But the time for such things is past; we now know what destroying the Union, or "trying to destroy it," means. We are not likely to speak lightly of death in a circle out of which a friend dropped into the grave but yesterday. We are in no mood to trifle with a matter so serious as the integrity of the country, and there can be no graver accusation against a man, or body of men, than that they are "trying to destroy the Union." If the writers for the *Times* really believe that there are men in Congress striving to that end, they should arraign them with a solemnity commensurate with the gravity of their great crime, and not in a heated article, breathing a partisan, or, rather, factional spirit.

It is unnecessary to enlarge on this point, for the truth simply is, that neither the editor of the *Times*, nor anybody else, believes that there are men in Congress "trying to divide the Union." The allegation is made loosely, we may hope carelessly, and would never have been made in the form and connection in which it was put forward, had the writer really believed what he uttered. Words sometimes are things, and should never be abused in the use.

We have another batch of documents, this time from Paris, about the Mexican question. They amount precisely to this: "Napoleon will get out of Mexico when he gets ready, provided he isn't hurried, but not unless we will agree not to meddle with Maximilian, or allow anybody else to do so." In other words we must practically recognize the Austrian adventurer, while France reserves the right "to put in her oar" to his assistance, whenever convenient or necessary. Therefore let us "eat, drink, and be merry," over the last great triumph of American diplomacy!

A new figure for the cotillion has been introduced in Paris. A small closet, after the Davenport fashion, with a small hole in the upper panel of the door, is placed in the centre of the room, and one of the male dancers shut inside. As the ladies waltz round, each passes her hand for an instant through the opening, and the prisoner pronounces the name of the owner of that "pretty thing." Should he chance to be right, the door is thrown open, and he spins away into a space with the fair one whom he has visited with the punishment.

THE people of Belgium are far from satisfied with the conduct of the late King in sending Belgian troops to Mexico, to abet the designs of Louis Napoleon. The Liberal Union of the Civil Guard of Liege have passed resolutions, protesting against the proposal of St. Cyr Pretinckx, Commander of the Civil Guard of Brussels, to erect a monument to the memory of Belgians who fell in the action at Tacubano in the Mexican Republic, the 11th day of April, 1865, because they lost their lives in a cause opposed to liberty and in contradiction to the efforts of the Belgians made in 1830 to gain their independence.

SEVENTEEN seems to be a fatal number with the rulers of France. No sovereign since the downfall of the ancient monarchy, ever lasted longer than sixteen or seventeen years. Seventeen years were the limit of the supremacy of Napoleon I. Seventeen years the restored Bourbons reigned. Seventeen years Louis Philippe occupied the throne. And we may safely predict that seventeen years will be the longest period allotted by the hand of destiny to the restored dynasty of the Bonapartes.

PROFESSOR FAWCETT, Member of Parliament, and Lecturer upon Political Economy in the University of Cambridge, says of England: "The rich are growing richer, and the poor are growing poorer. There is no true sympathy between the employers and employed, no just and proper relations between capital and labor and amongst all classes of society; and in consequence of all these mistakes, England, Scotland and Wales have 130,000 criminals every year, and one man in every twenty is a pauper, while in Ireland, tens of thousands have died of starvation, and two millions—one quarter—have emigrated to America to avoid this fate, in the last twenty years."

THE Boston *Transcript* says of Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, the acknowledged leader of the House of Representatives:

"Without endorsing his political opinions in full, and with serious doubts as to some of his methods of announcing and enforcing them, it is impossible to deny that Thaddeus Stevens is a man of remarkable power, full of individuality, that rightfully gives him the influence that belongs to eminence in ability. He combines some of the marked qualities of John Quincy Adams and John Randolph, without being an imitation of either."

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I observe that a certain elemental knowledge of science is now considered almost indispensable in general society. The readers of popular scientific works are increasing daily; nor is this amongst men only. I was present at the last evening meeting of the Geographical Society, and certainly a third of those present

were ladies. The secretary of one of the most distinguished geologists of the day is the daughter of a clergyman. It may be remembered, too, that both the translators of Humboldt's 'Cosmos' were women. It is probable that the female mind may never attain to the highest efforts of the human intellect; but women can do good, serviceable work, preserving at the same time all the most valued characteristics of their sex. Olympia Morata is remembered in history for her beauty, gentleness, and modesty, as well as for her great philosophical attainments."

At the end of 1864 there were 7,728 members of the Jesuit order in the Catholic world, being 129 more than in 1863. In the same year there were 1,532 Jesuits employed in foreign missions, being an increase of 242 over the year 1863. The European missions amounted to 29; the Asiatic to 296; the African to 213; the North American to 276; the South American to 199; the Oceanian to 55; and 15 were on passage. Twenty-five years ago, namely, in 1841, there were but 3,563 Jesuits, so that since that period the number has been more than doubled.

THERE is no reason why, after adopting the decimal system as regards money, we should not follow it out in our standards of weights and measures. We laugh at Englishmen who compute their cumbersome denominations of pounds, shillings, pence and farthings by different divisors, and boast of the superior rapidity and ease of our system of computation. Yet we stick to 12 inches make a foot, 3 foot make a yard, 5 1/2 yards make a rod, 40 rods a furlong, etc., etc., and will call a pound 12 ounces in one case and 16 in another, and thus perpetuate difficult, perplexing, and utterly irrational standards. We have got to come to the decimal system in weights and measures sooner or later—the sooner the better, and all the easier. It is easier to accommodate 35,000,000 of people to the change, than it will be 40,000,000—which our country will probably number in 1870. The longer the delay, the more difficult the change. Several, perhaps most, of the South American republics, have established the French decimal system, which, as it has already a wide dissemination, we cannot do better than adopt. To this end, Mr. Allison has introduced in Congress a bill fixing a decimal standard, to take effect, if possible, July 1st, 1867. It provides that:

"The unit of length shall be the meter of the ten-millionth part of the distance from the pole to the equator, measuring at the level of the sea; its multiples shall be the deca-meter, hecto-meter, kilo-meter and myria-meter; its subdivisions the deci-meter, centi-meter and milli-meter. The unit of surface shall be the are or square deca-meter; one square meter shall be called centiare, and one square hectometer be called hectare. The unit of solid shall be the ster, or cubic meter; its subdivisions the decister, centister and millister. The unit of capacity shall be the liter, or decimeter; its subdivisions the decaliter or terriliter; its subdivisions the deciliter, centiliter or milliliter.

"For the purpose of assessing or collecting duties and taxes for the sale of public lands, and all purposes where strict accuracy is not required, the following list of proximate equivalents is established: One decimeter, four inches; one meter, one and one-tenth yard; one deca-meter, five-tenths of one chain; one kilo-meter, six hundred and twenty-five thousandths (.625) of a mile; one centiare, one and two-tenths square yards; one hectare, two and five-tenths acres; one liter, three hundred and seventy-five thousandths (.375) of a gallon; one kilogram, thirty-two ounces troy; one kilogram, two-tenths pound avoirdupois; one tun, two thousand two hundred and forty pounds."

THE question of reform in representation is attracting great attention in England. Among the abuses existing under the present system, may be mentioned the fact that there are twenty-nine boroughs returning fifty-one members to the House of Commons, which show an average voting register of only 192, and which have only 160,000 inhabitants. These return nearly as many members as all Scotland, half as many as Ireland, and three times as many as London, with its 3,000,000 of inhabitants! And yet half of England is struggling to prevent this gross disparity in representation, and denouncing all advocates of equalization as "radicals!"

A curious case was lately heard in the British Divorce Court. Mr. Hyde joined the Mormons, was married in Utah, went to the Sandwich Islands, and quitted the community. He was thereupon excommunicated, and his wife pronounced free to marry again, which she did. He thereupon claimed a divorce. The Judge took time to consider his decision, being doubtful whether a Mormon marriage, which presupposes a right of polygamy, could be held to be any marriage at all—whether Mr. Hyde had, in fact, any wife to be divorced from.

THE London Spectator, commenting on the late speech of the Emperor of the French, observes of that part referring to the United States and Mexico:

"It is true Napoleon has affirmed that he is arranging with the Emperor Maximilian for the recall of his army; but their return must be effected when it will not compromise the interests which France went out to that distant land to defend. When is that? Do the interests to be defended include the reinvigoration of the Latin race? Nothing is clear from the speech, and, according to the Yellow Book, which is always supposed to explain the sp-ech, the French army is only to return from Mexico when the President of the Union has recognized the Mexican Empire, an act which he has refused to do, and which Congress has specifically forbidden him to perform. There is nothing in the speech inconsistent with that interpretation; and if it is correct, the Americans will simply contrast the compliments offered them in words with the impossible proposal submitted in fact, and be less content than ever. All they obtain is a promise; that, at some time not specified, when a result they dislike has been accomplished, the Emperor will, if consistent with his honor, withdraw the troops, through whom he has been able to accomplish it—not a very definite or very satisfactory pledge."

TOWN GOSSIP.

THERE is at this moment a mighty question agitating not only New York, but all the nation. It is not a question of bread, but of BEER, resolved simply into the shape of old style or new style, patent lager, or no patent lager.

Somebody, at some recent period, invented a way to brew lager, for which they received a patent. Whether it was by adding a decoction of old shoes, or throwing in an extra dash of molasses, is more than we can tell, but the result was at once a pitched battle. The old style reared up, and straightway furnished the lager shops that remained faithful to their standard, labels, free gratis for nothing, on which were printed in large and ominous characters, "No Patent Beer Sold Here." On the other hand, the patent beerites girded up their loins and struck for their rights. They openly declared that from the old beer came headaches and indigestion, while from the patent beer came nothing but happiness, rotundity, jolly vrows and chubby children. They fought the battle step by step, and lager beer shop by lager beer shop, until the original beerites shook in their shoes, and their empire seemed trembling. The worshippers of Gambrinus were in daily doubt, and became so muddled—not with beer, but with diverse opinions—that many of them have not yet recovered. At this moment, even while the old beerites were crying aloud in the most doleful tones, "Look not upon the beer when it is red within the mug"—which is as near as we can get to the quotation—the patent beerites came to the rescue with a chemical analysis, which analysis showed that patent beer was beer, and instad of being a mixture of old boots, street-sweepings and such small deer, it was simply a preparation of malt and hops brewed by a peculiar process. This was a whole shell in the camp of the old beerites, and so far they have not been able to recover from it. In this state stands the matter now, and a mighty pretty quarrel it is, too, as it stands. Yankee I oodledom, as well as Teutonia, is divided into two distinct parties, the old beerites and the patent beerites, and while some are in doubt still as to drinking either fluid, others double on the quantity, feeling that they cannot make up their minds on so important a subject without a thorough sampling of the article in dispute. Should anything farther transpire, we shall chronicle—not small beer—but for the public edification.

From beer to coals is a natural transition, and we shall make it, simply to give our readers an idea of how it is they pay \$13 or \$14 per ton for coal. We start with it from the mines:

Worth in the mine -	\$0 25
Out of the mine -	1 05
Prepared for use -	1 85
In Philadelphia -	8 00
At Elizabethport, N. J. -	9 50
At the New York dock -	10 25
At the retail yards -	13 95

Thus it will be seen that between the mines and New York consumers, it gains the sum of \$13 70. Verily we are a wonderful people!

We all remember what Jim Baggs, in "The Wandering Minstrel" says: "D'ye think I do not know the vally o' peace and quietness? No, sir! I never moves on under a shilling."

We quote it to say that Mr. Baggs has his representatives at every corner of our streets, and we are not sure but the original Baggs has opened a school somewhere about town, in which vagabonds of every age and clime are taught to torture some otherwise inoffensive instrument, until it responds under our fingers or mouth with the most fearful twangs or shrieks. Of all these musicians—God save the mark!—the worst is the organ-grinder, fraternity. There is about them an air of laziness and dirt not found in others of the tribe, an uncleanliness and abandon of consequence perfectly delicious. They show in their very looks the truth of the answer of one of the fraternity, who, upon being asked by a victim to his sounds how he bore it himself, said, "Oh! I never hears 'em!" These organic nuisances are generally accompanied by a woman, the more good-looking the better, who, with a very dirty tamborine, and conversation to match, goes into stores and drinking-saloons while the man is droning away outside, and by her blandishments picks up all the small stamps she can get from weak-headed youths. Next to this style, in annoyance, is the universal musician, who stations himself under your window with a bass drum slung upon his back, a hurdy-gurdy in front, a pandean-pipes under his nose, a pair of cymbals between his legs, and heaven only knows how many other noise-making affairs about his noisy person.

We believe earnestly that these peripatetic harmonics average in their earnings (!) about \$7 per day, double what an honest, hard-working mechanic can earn. To achieve this, these gentry are up to every dodge ever thought of in the human brain, an illustration of which will be the manner in which we saw a dollar extorted from a music-loving friend a few days since. He did love music; and, as a consequence, winced under the noise of one of these organic wretches who ground away under his window every day about dinner-time. The gentleman, feeling that his house was not his castle while the nuisance existed, opened negotiations, and finally bought off the thing for one dollar, cash in hand, paid with the strict stipulation that the fellow should not play again in front of his house. The dollar was pocketed, and the promise strictly kept, for from that day to this the fellow has played at the same hour, daily, under the window of the next-door neighbor, just 20 feet from the spot where he played before.

Is there no balm in Gilead? Of the theatres what can we say, when they are by their successes beyond all criticism or press notice? What does a manager care for the opinion of newspapers when the public crowd his house, so that before the curtain goes up the label, "Only standing room," has to be displayed at the box-office? and this, we believe, is the present condition of the dramatic institution in New York.

Niblo's has finished with Miss B. toman after a wonderful success, in which she has shown the finished artistic improvement of her English form. Maggie Mitchell has taken her place, with her charming rendering of "Fanchon," and it may be expected that for several weeks we can say nothing but that Maggie Mitchell is playing "Fanchon" at Niblo's.

At Lucy Rushon's, they have been trying the effect of tuning away a hundred or two of people from the doors every evening, for a week or two, just by the way of letting them know there is something good going on inside, and that seats ought to be secured several days in advance, if they expect not to be crowded out.

The Broadway announces that Mr. Owens has entered upon his 235th night of Solon Shingle at that house. We have not yet lost faith in the real taste of the New York public.

Wallack announces "a new and original comedy, entitled 'Society,' by Messrs. T. W. Roberts and M. Noah, now running with the greatest success in London, which will shortly be produced here, with beautiful and appropriate scenery and appointments, and a powerful cast." There, we give the very words as advertised, and charge nothing for it.

What is going on at the Winter Garden we tell in another column.

At the Olympic, "Who Killed Cock-Robin?" is a genuine success. "Cinderella" is in preparation, and is to be splendidly produced.

Wood's Theatre has Mr. Frank Drew; and, of course, under his funniness, is having all the success it is able to attend to.

Among the noticeable of the day and evening is Mr. James Robinson, the bare-backed rider. There can be little doubt that Mr. Robinson is the greatest rider we have ever seen, and, however blasé we may be, can awake a sensation even in the heart and brain of a Sir Charles Coldstream.

And last, though not least, the Opera. Maretzek is making no spurge, doing nothing in the way of fancy advertising, but every quiet announcement of an opera night puts \$3,000 or \$4,000 in the house, and about the same for every matinee. He has no need to offer music-lovers any new attraction; his present company more than satisfies, and grows nightly upon the tastes of those who know how to appreciate.

The Poznanaki brothers are making a great success with their concert at Irving Hall, so much so that they are announced for continuance. Real merit will always find its success in New York, if placed properly before the public.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The great Cincinnati bridge about to be suspended across the Ohio river will be the longest in the world, being over 2,000 feet longer than the Suspension Bridge over the Niagara river, and 540 feet longer than the Menai Bridge in England. Its total span will be 1,037 yards. The massive stone piers tower 110 feet over the floor of the bridge, and 200 feet above their foundations. One year is the period allowed for building it.

An economical view of homicide is taken by the Caluso (Cal.) Sun, in the following item: "The sheriff of Sutter County killed a thief last week, who was attempting to escape, thereby saving the county much cash."

The Mobile Advertiser says, that the markets there are fairly glutted with provisions and country produce, and the busy hum and bustle of the throng in attendance on market-days remind them of the good old days of yore, when market-baskets went home brimming full, and the people "lived on the fat of the land." Trade is represented as flush in all branches, and there is every evidence that "the good time is coming."

A noted spiritualist, Dr. Randolph, says now, that after the experience of five years as a medium, it is his candid opinion that spiritualism is one-third imposture, one-third insanity, one-third diabolism, and that insanity is the usual fate of trance-mediums.

Benjamin Pinney, a wealthy farmer at Rockport, Ill., was recently poisoned to death with strychnine by his fifth wife, a pretty girl, whom he married six weeks ago.

A Connecticut farmer, a few days ago, warmed a blanket to wrap round the feet of his aged and paralytic wife. He went to the barn, and in his absence the bed took fire from a spark in the blanket, and his wife was burned to death.

Two smart twelve year old boys have started a two-column local paper at Waterbury, Ct. They do all the work upon it themselves, and then go out on the street and sell their papers.

A cool robbery of government property was attempted a few days ago, at Mobile. A man representing himself as a government agent, drove up with a drag, passed the guards, and loading the vehicle with blankets, drove off. Two civilian employes suspecting something wrong, followed, and had him arrested.

But for King Alcohol, the papers say, Richmond would be an orderly city, but with 30 arrests for drunkenness daily, they think the prospects are bad for good order and quiet.

Miss Maria Baldwin, a graduate of Baldwin University at Berea, Ohio, has filled the chair of Professor of the Greek and Latin languages in the Baker University in Kansas for the past year. She is only 21 years old.

A special train went through from Boston to Portland on Saturday with a single passenger—a gentleman who had engaged his passage on the European steamer, missed the morning train, and paid \$300 to reach the latter place in time.

A negro sentenced to 40 days' confinement and labor, with ball and chain, at Macon, Ga., was recently allowed to ascend the second story of the prison, from which he threw himself down. He struck on the top of his head, and was, of course, unhurt. In consideration of the feat, he received a free pardon.

Eleven men were frozen to death in the vicinity of Hamilton, Fillmore County, Minn., on the night of the 26th ult. Six of them were frozen in a sleep while passing along the road. Another man was found frozen in a standing posture, with his hands over his face, and only three or four rods from a house.

The Louisville, Ky., Journal says: "No matter, dear reader, what you see in the paper; Jeff. Davis won't have a military trial, and he won't be convicted. And if he were convicted, he would be pardoned. Though no card-player, 'we speak by the card.'"

Under a law of Rhode Island, which prohibits selling goods by sample without a State license, a poor clergyman at Providence, who was trying to eke out a scanty salary by selling some religious pictures, was arrested and compelled to pay a fine of \$50 and costs.

A raft containing two women, three men, and a horse, which was drifting out to sea, was stopped and saved by a pilot-boat, off the harbor of Savannah, Ga., on the 4th inst.

The question "Is a death-bed marriage legal?" is being tried in the Circuit Court at Indianapolis. Considerable property is involved in the decision.

When Gen. Grant removed to his new house, he gave "a reception," and among others, invited ex-General Butler to attend. The card of invitation was returned to the Lieutenant-General, with the following indorsement: "I have the honor to receive your card of invitation. I beg to decline it as politely as I may; and I would further state that, in no event would I be willing to hold personal intercourse with yourself, or any member of your family.—B. F. BUTLER, Lieutenant-General Grant."

A correspondent states that a company of Northern men, who went South with the view of investing their money and establishing homes, have returned, satisfied that the lives and property of loyal men are not safe under the government now established there. One of their number, who purchased a place within 80 miles of Vicksburg, was notified by a mob to leave within five days. He at once set his freedmen to work building a small fort, on which he raised the American flag. He then armed his freedmen, and notified the mob that he was ready to leave, if they were ready to force him away.

Foreign.—One of the anecdotes connected with the recent visit of the King and the Queen of Portugal to Paris, is as follows: The king and queen expressed a wish to admire M. P. rre's collection of parrots. The jeweler accordingly presented himself at the Pavillon de Marsan, and was at once received. As he handed a magnificent necklace of black pearls and diamonds to Queen Pia, it slipped from her hand and fell to the ground. M. Perree stooped to catch it, when Don Luis prevented him by remarking that the etiquette of the Portuguese Court gave the king or queen alone the privilege of raising whatever fell at their feet. Then, handing the ornament to his wife, he said: "What the queen has touched is hers."

An alarming incident occurred recently at the Zoological Garden of Stuttgart. A remarkably fine lion was confined there in a cage, surrounded by a glass framework to protect the animal from cold. M. Werner, the proprietor, was going through a performance, and was seated on a stool in the cage, when he lost his balance and fell backward. The lion immediately sprang on him and a terrible combat ensued. Mlle. Werner, seeing the danger of her father, took up a heavy seat and dashed it at the glass, and the animal terrified at the crash, released the man, who was then able to withdraw, only slightly hurt.

The London Sporting Life says pugilism has fallen upon evil days. The admirers of the "manly art" are disgusted with those who manage such affairs, and its sun seems to have set over the grave of Tom Sayers. To revive the Ring, it thinks, seems an utterly hopeless task, and, from one cause and another, that "institution" has sunk lower and lower since the date of the famous fight of Farnborough.

In Brittany, a very convenient matrimonial custom prevails. On certain fete days, the young ladies appear in red under-petticoats, with white or yellow borders around them; the number of these denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter; each white band, representing silver, betokens a hundred francs of rent; and each yellow band means gold, and stands for a thousand francs a year. Thus, any young farmer, who sees a face that pleases him, has only to glance at the trimmings of the petticoat to learn in an instant what amount accompanies its wearer.

There are 30,000 blind persons in Great Britain, nearly a tenth part of the number being in London. The great majority of these 30,000 persons are in a state of destitution.

The daily consumption of water in London is 100,000,000 gallons—filthy stuff, at that. It is proposed to bring a supply of pure water to the metropolis from North Wales, forming among it mountains a series of reservoirs aggregating over ten miles in length, and conducting the water 183 miles by aqueducts and tunnels.

THE ELLIPTIC IRON-ARCH ARCADE FOR THE ELEVATION OF STREET RAILWAYS.

Object.

RAPID intercommunication within a crowded city is essential to its development; and steam travel bears the same relation to its growth and business capacity, that it does to a country at large. The principal thoroughfare of Manhattan Island will always be overcrowded, and some engineering scheme must double its capacity and pleasantness. There is no reason why a metropolis should continue with only the slow coaches of ante-steam times, while the country about is availing itself of the improvements of the age. There is no reason why our means of travel or communication through our cities should be confined to one level, any more than our houses of residence or business should be confined to one story.

A structure, then, is desirable, which will become universal, by reason of its simplicity, economy, rapidity of construction, capacity, convenience, ornament, safety, durability, non-interference with the existing condition of property, movability and extensibility, according to the growth of the city and fluctuation of commercial travel. This is attainable in the Elliptic Iron-arch Arcade for the elevation of street railways.

The Structure.

The Elliptic Arches (A), give, over every other form of structure, the maximum of combined strength, convenience, lateral capacity and cheapness. They span the carriage-way from curb to curb, thus not taking up any of the present occupied space. They may be fifteen (15) feet high, which will admit under them the highest loaded vehicles. The ellipses of the arch gives sufficient height at the curb-stones to admit of vehicles driving close to the curb, and yet gives the strength of an arch in the top and centre. This double-T iron-arch is for the support of the main sills (B) and all the ground-work of the railroad and the roofing. The main sill (B) rests on top of the arch, and spans with it across the street, slightly cambered or bent down at each end, which rests on an elegant pillar of cast-iron, whose base is on the curb-stone at the base of the arch. This sill is also double-T (B). On its upper flange are bolted the cast-iron stringers and binders (C) which serve also as sleepers for the rails. On its lower flange are laid the glass plates (D) in their frames of iron in the manner of clapboarding, thus forming a water-shed. The arches are placed every fifteen feet. This would be the distance between the fore and aft wheels of the dummy cars, thus always dividing the weight upon two arches, which, under the maximum loads—all the dummies meeting at one point—would give only four and a half tons to the track.

Cost.

The above four (4) pieces complete the structure. Their manufacture is simple, requiring no costly machinery, could be commenced in thirty days after adoption, and completed for any distance, according to the help employed, in less than six months, and can be furnished—without the glass—at the manufacturers for less than one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars per mile. Being of iron and glass, it is imperishable; would cost nothing for extra lighting, warming, or police, like the underground plan; destroys no property; requires no preliminary surveying; can be set up or taken down in a day, and if a failure, the material is all good for further uses. It saves many thousands of dollars in the cleaning of the streets, by catching the rain and snow, which runs off through the iron pillars. The crossings at intersecting streets are covered by landings, and thus much is saved through non-soiling of garments and tenements, which the universal cleanliness of this plan will effect. Scenes like those of the past month will be no more known to Broadway.

Light.

Being a light, open frame-work, painted white, and not covering the side-walks, and the body or floor of the structure being even with the second stories, the first stories are not perceptibly affected in their light. The rear end of the stores and shops get, as ever, the same reflected light from the opposite side, through and under the structure, there being an open view from side-walk to side-walk.

Convenience.

This structure could mount four (4) tracks in Broadway. Self-smoke-consuming dummies could be placed on them. The two outside dummies could be "accommodated," approached by elegant and easy stair-ways, and capacious landings, with settees, over each intersecting street. The two inside dummies could be through and fast; nothing ever has occasion to cross their tracks, which would always be clear, clean and smooth, and they could make South Ferry and Union Square, (say, stopping at Wall, Astor House and Canal street), in ten (10) minutes! There are no more cars or omnibuses jamming up with the commercial vehicles; no more the picture of constipated streets; every thing is clear, open, speedy; the business capacity of the streets doubled. This structure thus becomes of vast business importance to a crowded city. There is no more a necessity for consuming a quarter of a business-day going to and from residence and place of business. This lowers rents in town, and builds up the suburbs.

Pleasantness.

The dummies are costly warmed in winter, and are airy and free from dust in summer. The rails may be light, because no heavy vehicles ever cross them; they can rest on pads, and have sliding joints, so that the motion is as smooth and pleasant as that of a yacht. There is no more going out into a filthy, dangerous street for a bounding, thundering, corn-smashing omnibus, but the cars may be approached by children unattended. The passengers may look down upon the side-walks and their places of destination; and skitter without resort for pleasure riding! thus relieving the side-walks. The various tenements may have private landings into the second stories, direct from the cars. The street beneath is dry in winter and storms, and shady in summer, thus forming a pleasant drive for pleasure carriages.

Miscellany.

Even where there is no crowd, this structure is desirable, for the speed and comfort it will give. It could be extended to all the city railroads in one grand consolidated arrangement, with a uniform fare, say, of ten cents, throughout the city, for a stop-over, or transfer ticket, making the ordinary ride, or trip, five cents. It could be owned by the city, and the revenue would keep these off the city clean, relieving tax-payers.



SCENES FROM RICHELIEU—1ST ACT—THE CHAMBER IN THE PALAIS CARDINAL.



4TH ACT—THE GARDENS OF THE LOUVRE.

EDWIN BOOTH AND RICHELIEU.

We furnish in this number a very accurate portrait of the great artist who absorbs the sensation of the hour—Mr. Edwin Booth—and sketches of the scenes of *Richelieu*, which has achieved so great a triumph for the present managerial career of the Winter Garden, and which is being nightly performed to the most crowded and enthusiastic audiences ever assembled within the walls of a theatre in New York. The manner in which this play is presented and performed, marks a new era in the drama, and reflects honor alike on the liberality of the manager, Mr. Stuart, on the ability of Mr. Hanley, the stage manager, who carried out the details, on the delicacy of design, and exquisite execution of Mr. Witham, the scenic artist, but above all, on Mr. Edwin Booth, whose genius conceived, and whose taste directed, and who has brought to the production of this piece, the second of his revivals, the same resources which had been already devoted in *Hamlet* to the illustration of Shakespeare's imagination, and of those scenic chronicles in which the great poet has set down the glories of Denmark. Few will look upon this piece without rejoicing at that generous ebullition of feeling, so honorable to the heart of the people, which recently called out from retirement, and cheered on to exertion, this great artist, and without being sensible of how great a loss American art would have had in the deprivation of his devotion. Even now, though but young, were he to close his career, history might apply to him those lines of the poet:

"Small though he be, but in that small, most greatly lived this star."

The effect upon the progress of art of such productions cannot be too highly estimated. Charles Lamb attributed much of the imaginative spirit of Elizabeth's age to the palpable picturesque which was so common then, and which acted, as he considered, as hints to thought and impulses to the fancy. *Richelieu* does not afford, of course, such scope for what are termed stage effects—for the skill of the scene-painter, carpenter, or property-man—as do Shakespeare's great creations, where even the ordinary reader must discover everywhere as he advances an opening for some striking and picturesque effect, that shall give greater scope to the fancy—while for the happy few who possess a congenial spirit with the poet, be sure that in every line he wrote there lies a hidden vein of poetry which is only capable of being brought to the surface in "act and complement extern." It was by working so successfully this rich mine in *Hamlet*, that Mr. Booth has entitled himself to recollection wherever Shakespeare is named, or his memory honored; and in *Richelieu*, though not offering such gorgeous opportunities, still we see how much can be done by artistic taste and genius employing, with intellectual correctness, the resources of our modern theatres. In the second scene of the first act, the Chamber in the Palace of the Cardinal, where *Richelieu* is discovered, seated by the old-fashioned fireplace, the magnificence of the man and the period is most thoroughly expressed, down to the smallest minutiae, and as we strain our sight down the sweep of the long hall, every small trifle of ornament seems in keeping with the spirit of the whole, and to wear a look of reality. Nothing is officiously or gratuitously interposed. The general effect is made out by each separate detail.

Equally splendid as specimens of art are the Castle at Ruelic—even the pictures with which the walls are hung,



EDWIN BOOTH, THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.

and the men of armor being, *per se*, of great excellence and value—and the Presence-Chamber at the Louvre. The View of Paris in the distance, from the Gardens of the Louvre, with Notre Dame glittering in the sunshine, is equally fine, though of a different school of picture.

They will be all found represented in our engravings. Through each a gorgeous succession of ornaments and objects combine in a simple grandeur and comprehensive magnificence. Everything contributes to the life, vigor, and picturesqueness of the play. So also the

minutest person on the scene has his proper task to perform, his distinct and allotted place in the general design. So with the costumes; the nobles are recognizable in dress as well as in name, nearly all of those of the leading characters having been purchased by Mr. Booth in Paris, and being exact to the persons and time. The splendor extends to the most attendant; the common soldiers wear chased morions, and the knights conspirators are cased in armor.

Mr. Edwin Booth's *Richelieu* is well known, but was never appreciated as it will be now, equally from its gorgeous setting as from the, if possible, increased delicacy of finish it wears. It touches every chord in the character of *Richelieu* with the spirit of a true master. The line which, in this picture of a great Frenchman, separates the poet from the pedant, statesman from knave, seriousness from wit, grandeur from frivolity, is discriminated with infinite nicety. In Edwin Booth's *Richelieu*, comedy treads with most graceful ease upon the heels of tragedy, and the insulated dreams of the philosopher and patriot are made to stand out in beautiful relief from the extravagance of playful humor and the turbulence of restless action. The transitions from strength to weakness, and *vice versa*, which bear so strong an impress of the time and scene, are given with that abrupt impulsiveness which characterized both.

We never saw a personation of greater reality, or one that so sensibly and variously moved an audience with its own emotions. Miss Eyttinge, too, acts exquisitely well, and nearly all the parts are admirably fitted. No success, on any stage, within our remembrance, has been more decided, better merited, or more complete.

TRIAL TRIP OF THE PILOT-BOAT HOPE.

THIS largest and finest of the New York pilot-boats made her trial trip a few days since, and having proved herself the queen of all her class, we record the trip as a matter of history.

She left her anchorage, according to appointment, about ten o'clock in the morning, not, however, before a beautiful green battle-flag of one of the regiments of the Irish Brigade, bearing the sunburst, harp, and shamrock, was run up to her mast-head, amid the hearty cheers of the invited guests, and many others who occupied advantageous positions on shore, to witness her departure.

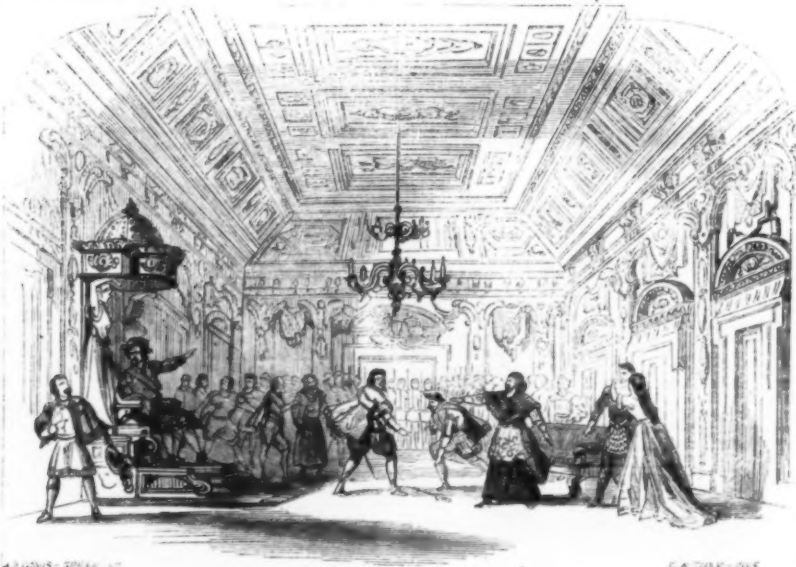
The sailing qualities of the *Hope* were fully tested by one of her experienced owners, Mr. Thomas Morley, of Brooklyn, in every possible way, and her satisfactory action called forth the expression from many pilots who were on board that she is to-day the best pilot-boat in the water.

This was tested on the trip by the fact that the T. F. Williams, Pilot-Boat, No. 14, which has always heretofore been considered and admitted the fastest of the pilot-boats, came out on purpose to give the *Hope* a brush, and was beaten on every point.

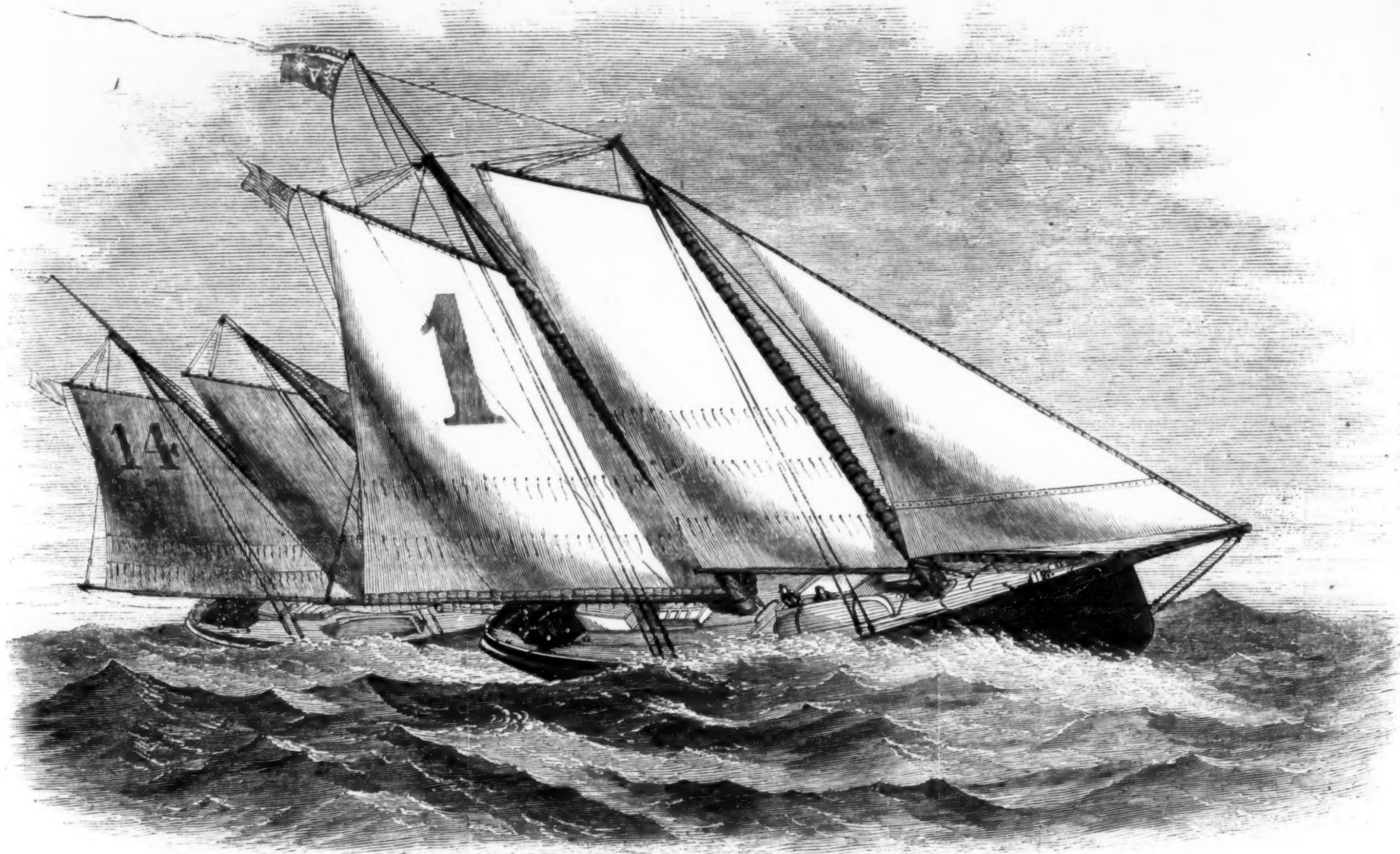
All the pilots in New York were on the look-out for this trial, and one or two of the fastest boats crossed the path of the *Hope*. The crew of the new vessel, nothing daunted, hoisted their pennant, which is the signal of a challenge. One of the two boats above mentioned, with a courtesy and courage that beautifully illustrates the "kindly sentiment on the seas," made a similar exhibition of her narrow bunting, which was interpreted as an acceptance. Both boats then "hailed close on the wind," when, after a short and exciting contest, the



3RD ACT—THE CASTLE OF RUELIC.



5TH ACT—THE PRESENCE CHAMBER OF THE LOUVRE.



TRIAL TRIP OF THE NEW YORK PILOT BOAT HOPE, NO. 1.

Hope shot ahead. The other, on seeing this, "put about" immediately, and "ran a free course," which move was soon noticed by the master of the Hope, who followed suit, giving to the former several hundred yards of advantage. The Hope was soon seen to gain on her adversary, and in an incredibly short space of time "sailed around her," when the master of the Hope ordered his pennant down, which was graciously acknowledged by the vanquished craft.

The Hope then headed for home, when the guests were invited to the cabin, where a sumptuous dinner was prepared by the spirited and, we would say, well satisfied proprietors, Messrs. Morley, Lyans, Keary, Samson, Roche, and Rush. The good things, which were both numerous and abundant, were partaken of with a relish created by a "sharp sea breeze."

During the homeward trip the invited guests again assembled in the cabin, and after several pertinent and eloquent, though necessarily short speeches, a unanimous resolution was passed, thanking the proprietors for their kind hospitality, and congratulating them on the brilliant achievements of the Hope. The boat was then

formally christened by breaking a bottle of wine on her bow, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the persons on board.

It should be remarked that this trial did not show the exact speed of the craft, as her "bottom was foul," having lain at her moorings, buried about two feet in the mud, while undergoing the necessary alterations; besides she had a heavy "iron shoe" on her "fore-foot," to protect her from the ice, and which necessarily retards her speed. Notwithstanding these impediments, she sailed on this trip eighteen (18) miles in an hour and thirty minutes.

The vessel cost her owners \$20,000; to-day her owners would not part with her for \$30,000, so well has she done her work, and proved herself the pilot's boat.

A RECEPTION-DAY AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

"UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown," says Mr. Shakespeare, and he ought to know.

Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, does not exactly wear a crown, unless it be to his hat; but we venture to say the rule applies, and that our worthy chief magistrate would oftentimes gladly escape from the cares of state, and the too frequent contact with the sovereign people, and bury himself in some obscure spot for a while, where he could be, for a few hours, one of the people, and nothing more.

From the first establishment of our Government, there have always been certain days set apart for receptions at the White House, when all the world and his wife could come and shake hands with, and gaze upon, the President. Under some Administrations this privilege has been circumscribed, and it has been necessary to have an introduction or invitation before admittance could be had on levee-days to the sacred precincts of the East Room; but, in these democratic days, the exclusiveness has been broken down, and all are admitted who behave themselves, and dress in not *en rigueur*.

At these receptions it is customary for the heads of the different Departments, the Cabinet, Foreign Ministers, and all officers of the army and navy in Washington, to pay their respects to the President. The levee is sometimes held in the afternoon, and sometimes in the evening, lasting from three to four hours. During the session of Congress, when Washington is full of strangers, the receptions are oftentimes a perfect jam, and it amounts simply to a procession in and out of the room—no time or chance being given to loiter, or do more than march past the President and exit.

The levees of President Johnson are especially brilliant, and frequenters of Washington society declare that, under no former occupant of the White House has such good order and system reigned, as under the present.

A CHILD thus defines gossip: It's when nobody don't do nothing and somebody goes and tells of it.



A GRAND RECEPTION DAY AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON—THE EAST GATE.

"FRIENDS OR FOES."

[The following letter and poem reach us from Atlanta, Georgia:]

"In your *Illustrated Newspaper* of January 20th, I noticed some very good verses: 'Are we Friends or are we Foes.' I am honest in my wish to see the Union fully and completely restored. I think the Southern people are generally. I know not one, who, I think, would wish otherwise. The time was when we deprecated such a thing; but let the dead past bury its dead; our object now is to rest from the great toll which has rendered our land but a desolate waste. But if the North would have our love, we think they should not seek our utter humiliation. We are men, and to be harsh, and caricatured, as another *Illustrated Newspaper* considers it its bounden duty to do, galls us, makes us sore, and begets no particle of love."

"Are we friends or are we foes?"

North and South the question goes—

Are we foes or are we friends?

Tell me how the moral tends;

Standing, in our garb of blood,

On the soil where freemen stood,

We, the question, ask of those

Who would grind us 'neath their feet,

Are we friends or are we foes?

Is the brotherhood complete?

By the blood that fell like rain

On Manassas trampled plain;

By the mem'ry—cherished still—

Of our dead at Malvern Hill;

By that hero's bones which sleep

In the valley, calm and deep;

By our flag, now laid to rest,

Typing all our bitter woes,

And by every nobler test—

We would be no longer foes.

We have known a torturing hour,

We have felt the weight of power;

Felt the blow which dashed the cup

As we held it trembling up;

Ours has been the fate which draws

Mourners round a conquered cause;

Madly as we may have fought,

With the fight our hatred ends;

If our brotherhood is sought,

We are ready to be friends.

Would ye have us cringe and bow?—

Lick the hand that struck the blow?

And, above our storied graves,

Clank our chains like willing slaves,

Till the dead shall start with fear

As the wailing sound they hear?

If this pledge ye would demand,

If ye'd have us bend thus low,

Better were the fettered hand,

While our manhood thunders—No!

Would ye have our love again—

Treat us as becometh men;

If ye'd set our hate aflame—

Taunt us with our burning shame.

"Rebels" we mayhap have been,

But we've known no greater sin;

Let the choice then be with you;

Rising o'er our mutual woes,

Choose ye now betwixt the two—

Be it friends or be it foes?

CIGARS FROM ELSINORE.

"Shaw! George, my boy, stop a moment! We have been hunting for you high and low!" said my kind old friend, Mr. Hanbury, who accosted me as I went by, with a gun over my shoulder, after a foray on the rabbits that abound among the sand-hills of the coast. He was an English merchant, residing in Copenhagen, who regularly spent his summers in a pretty villa that he possessed close to Elsinore. He and his family, who had known me well in England while I was a schoolboy, and they had not as yet settled in Denmark, had been very kind and hospitable to me during my sojourn at Elsinore.

"Shaw, my boy! you don't mean to leave us to-morrow in real earnest?" said the merchant, flinging down his newspaper, and coming out under the shade of the cool green awning—welcome protection on that sultry day. I shook my head, saying that I was afraid I must keep to my resolution. Mine was a long vacation ramble, and I was then a young barrister, by no means overburdened with briefs, but still I had some work to do, and there were papers on the table in my gloomy chambers in Pump Court, Temple, which demanded close study, even out of term-time. I had seen everything of note in and about the Danish capital, had made a hurried trip to Stockholm, and must now go southwards. Besides, I was anxious, if possible, to get a glimpse of the war, the Dan-German conflict of 1848-9, which was then going on. All things considered, I really must leave Elsinore and my kind friends.

"But not in such a hurry, I hope," said Mr. Hanbury, kindly. "You see, George, my wife and the girls are wild for one more picnic in those fine woods above Holgerness. And some very great friends of ours have but just arrived at their summer quarters—the Torfes—very pleasant people—people to whom I had always wished to introduce you. My poor old friend, the count, is not as good company as he was ten years since; but Madame Torfe is a charming person, and the young ladies are extremely pretty. So stay till Monday, George, and we will have a happy day to-morrow. Maria will be disappointed if you refuse us, and so will Jane and Carry."

I assented. After all, it was Friday afternoon, and to stay till Monday was no extraordinary sacrifice to make to friendship, the rather that Mr. Hanbury good-naturedly insisted that I should dine at his house every day until my final departure, so that I was saved from any apprehension of dull evenings at my inn. I therefore agreed to make one of the party at the picnic on the following day. It was the first link, this

change of plan, in a chain of apparently trivial circumstances which, beginning in the most commonplace fashion possible, were very near having a tragic and fatal ending.

The day of the picnic dawned splendidly. And I was duly presented to the Torfe family, and could not help owning that the good merchant's significant warning to take care of my heart with Miss Christina, the eldest of the daughters, was not wholly out of place. All three of the other Demoiselles Torfe, like their comely mother, were pretty, amiable-looking girls; but Christina was very beautiful in the national style of pure Danish beauty. She had the true Norse complexion of roses and lilies, the great solemn blue eyes, the fair hair that shone with a golden glint when a stray sunbeam fell upon it, and the broad white forehead, that make up the ideal of Scandinavian loveliness. Count Torfe, a deaf old gentleman with a black wig, an ear-trumpet, and a set of teeth so distressingly artificial as to be always flashing, or rattling, or slipping out of place, whenever their owner opened his mouth, was much older than his wife. He was an infirm old man, and one whose only conversation now was about his ailments. He had come to the picnic attended by his doctor; he was a personage of sufficient wealth to retain the exclusive services of a surgeon, as well as of a chaplain and secretary; and this doctor, a German by birth, had evidently great influence over him.

The day passed off merrily enough. There was a good dinner to be eaten on the grass, with sweet music ringing through the groves around, and with the softened sunlight struggling downward through the interlacing boughs, and forming a gold-flecked pattern on the smooth green turf. There was dancing presently to the strains of the band, and there were songs, and games for the children, and much merriment and laughter.

I can scarcely explain how it was; but the fact remains that everybody seemed to be in a conspiracy to bring Christina Torfe and myself together. My own inclinations may have had something to do with the matter, for the count's eldest daughter was unquestionably the belle of the party, more beautiful, more clever, more winning and gracious than the other girls, and by them also her superiority appeared to be frankly recognized. But Mrs. Hanbury and her daughters, and Madame Torfe as well, were perpetually inviting me to render Mademoiselle Christina some trifling service. At one time Carry Hanbury called on me to explain to dear Christina some passage in her favorite poets, Tennyson and Browning, the diction of which puzzled her foreign eyes. At another, I was entreated to sing a second to the same high-born damsel's performance of a German ballad. Then I was adjured to cut the pencil with which the young lady was preparing to sketch the merry groups beneath the gnarled bolls of the oak trees; and, in point of fact, I was appointed squire to Mademoiselle Christina by universal consent, and spent the greater part of the sunny hours by her side. She was really very accomplished, and not vain of her attainments; and as she spoke excellent English, while I was a tolerable proficient in German, our conversation flowed on easily and pleasantly.

"I have heard so much of you, monsieur, from our friends, those good Hanburys," said Christina Torfe, as the day wore on, "that I really feel as if we had been long acquainted. I am very sorry you mean to leave us—to leave Elsinore—so soon; for you are about to depart, Mr. Shaw, is it not so?"

There was a slight tone of sadness in her voice, as she said this in the most natural way in the world, just such a tinge of regret as we must all frequently feel when we are told at the outset of a pleasant acquaintance that it cannot last long enough to ripen into friendship. None but a coxcomb could have assigned any tenderer meaning to the words of the regretful accents; but, such as they were, they were pleasing to me when spoken by one so beautiful and admired. I replied that I was very sorry to go, but that a barrister's time was not always his own; and, further, that I wished to have leisure for at least a hasty view of the scene of war. Then I stopped short, and felt annoyed at my own awkwardness, for I was reluctant to speak to a Danish girl of events that must recall the defeat and sufferings of her country.

"You are going south—to Flensburg, Schleswig, and so to Hamburg—are you not? You will, no doubt, explore the battle-fields, and the spots that have become famous of late," she said, in a grave voice, but with no trace of pique or irritation. "You will doubtless obtain a pass from the German military authorities, so as to be able to see all that is worth notice?"

I replied in the affirmative. I was a pretty good German scholar, having received part of my education at Heidelberg; and I had German friends, one of whom had provided me with a letter to a staff officer of rank, serving with the Prussian force. I had no doubt of receiving permission, as a neutral spectator, to pass freely through the lines of the Schleswig-Holstein army.

Christina Torfe was silent for a moment; then she lifted her head, and turned her blue eyes beseechingly toward me, saying in a voice that was half playful, half agitated:

"M. Shaw, you will perhaps have it in your power to do me a great favor—that is—now she eagerly corrected herself, coloring slightly the while—"that is, not a great favor, nothing alarming; but I shall thank you as much as though it were a matter of life and death."

And these words were spoken in a voice that was all but irresistible. I had no desire to resist it. I expressed myself only too much flattered at having it in my power to be of service, even in a trifle, to Mademoiselle Torfe, and I envied the ease with which a Frenchman, in my place, would

have rattled off a score of glib compliments. However, I made myself understood.

Still the fair young Dane did not appear in a hurry to explain the precise nature of the commission which I stood pledged to execute, and there were a few moments of silence.

"You are sure, I suppose," she said at last, "to visit the German camp at Eckernfjord, where," here her voice trembled again, "where the prisoners are kept?—our Danish prisoners, I mean?"

I replied in the affirmative, with some expression of sympathy for the sorrows of the brave and kindly little nation to which my fair acquaintance belonged.

"One who is very dear to me—my brother—is there, a prisoner of war," said Christina Torfe; and I noticed that she spoke with emotion, for her voice faltered, and her color deepened, and her blue eyes were downcast.

At that moment I heard a slight rustle among the bushes, such as a dog, or even one of those foxes so common in Danish forests, might have caused; but when I turned my head I could see nothing, and my fair companion was too much absorbed in her own thoughts, apparently, even to hear the faint sound. She lifted her eyes to mine at last, and, resuming her usual lively manner, though with a visible effort, she explained the commission with which she ventured to beg me to charge myself. It appeared that her brother, Captain Harald Torfe, fond of smoking, as most Danes are, had a very handsome and favorite cigar-case, a present from some old schoolfellow, and which was his inseparable companion. The cigar-case had, through the bungling of the stupid soldier-servant, who packed the young officer's portmanteau, been unluckily left behind at Copenhagen; and even before he was unfortunately taken prisoner, the young baron—he was a baron as well as a captain—had twice written to request his relatives to send him this missing treasure, but no safe opportunity had occurred. And now that poor Harald was in captivity, and his life monotonously dull, no doubt he was still more desirous of having his pet case restored to him, since he declared that no cigars taken from any other receptacle possessed the same flavor. Would I—I, George Shaw, of the Inner Temple—forgive Mademoiselle Christina's presumption in trespassing upon a stranger's goodness, and convey the cigar-case safely to its gallant owner?

"My brother will thank you heartily, I know; and if, when this dreadful war is over, you should revisit Copenhagen, we should all be so glad," said Mademoiselle Torfe, and then suddenly started and turned pale, as the broad-brimmed hat, green spectacles, and snake-like head of Dr. Blumenbach were protruded from a neighboring thicket, and the doctor himself, blandly smiling and bowing, came pushing his way through the fern and brambles, to announce to the "*hochwohlgebornen frau*" that her very noble papa, his illustrious patient, had twice inquired for her. Nothing could be more politely deferential than the doctor's manner, and I could not help blaming Christina in my heart for the haughtiness with which she received his *suave* civilities. It was evident that he was no favorite with her, and the dry "Thank you, Herr Blumenbach; you will oblige me by telling papa that I shall return directly," was made still more repellent by the freezing glance of the blue eyes. The doctor took the hint in good part, however, rubbed his hands together, bowed, smirked, and, assuring the "*gnädige frau*" that he should have the honor of delivering her message, retired at a brisk pace. We followed more slowly; and as soon as the bony figure of the doctor had vanished among the smooth stems of the beech trees, my fair companion exclaimed, passionately:

"I hate that man; I am sure he is a spy!"

This speech was couched in the Danish tongue, and it seemed to be uttered as a soliloquy rather than addressed to me; but the emphasis with which it was uttered almost startled me.

"A spy?" said I, turning in surprise. "Surely not. In the first place, he must be known to and esteemed by Count Torfe; and, besides—"

"Had he but just come up at that moment? or had he been listening?" interrupted Christina, anxiously; and then, seeming to shake off her anxiety by a sudden effort, she told me that she was very foolish, that antipathies were beyond our own control, and that she was quite ashamed of her dislike to Dr. Blumenbach, who was, after all, a clever practitioner, and of much service to her father. As for his being a spy, she laughingly said that his being a German, and his wearing tinted spectacles, were the only grounds for such a suspicion; and even if he were the most ubiquitous of eavesdroppers, we had not been talking state secrets, and might afford to take all Berlin into our confidence. And then we rejoined the party, and the rest of that holiday afternoon was spent without the occurrence of anything worth mentioning.

On Monday morning I started for Elsinore, having in my portmanteau the much-valued cigar-case, which had been forwarded to me on the previous evening, along with a tiny pink note, that contained only a very few words of playful entreaty on the part of Christina Torfe that I would not forget her commission. I examined the cigar-case with some curiosity. It was a large and handsome one, of embossed silver, very splendidly emblazoned with the Torfe coat of arms, and with a baron's coronet, and the letters "H. T." in Gothic characters, below the heraldic cognizance. It was lined with Russia leather, and contained six cigars, Havanna of very good quality, to judge by their pale amber tint and the delicate satiny-smoothness of the twisted leaf. I was scarcely surprised that the owner of this costly pocket companion should be attached to it, especially as it was the gift of an old friend. And I anticipated some pleasure in transferring my charge to its proprietor, whose name, with the number of his regiment, I had duly entered in my pocket-book.

I found but little difficulty in obtaining the pass which I required to enable me to come and go freely within the German lines. The Prussian staff-major, to whom I presented my letter of introduction, did not disguise from me, as he handed me the magic slip of paper, signed by Marshal—then Lieutenant-General—Wrangel, that the favor was not one granted every day to amateur sight-seers. However, I was a friend's friend, and he was satisfied with my word of honor that I was not the bearer of any secret despatches or private messages to any of the Danish partisans within the Duchies.

My thoughts frequently recurred to that scene in the wood, on the day of the picnic at Holgerness. It was not alone that I remembered Christina's rare loveliness, and the affection for her brother, which had prompted her to seek every opportunity of alleviating the monotonous sadness of his captivity. But there was something strange in the manner in which the request had been preferred.

The more I thought of it, the harder did I find it to account for the marked agitation which Christina Torfe had displayed during the interview. The favor she had asked at my hands was a very petty one—one of those trifling services which cannot be refused without churlishness, and which would not, under ordinary circumstances, cost the person who should render them a second thought. Why, then, had there been so much excitement, so much hesitation, on the part of the fair petitioner? I instantly dismissed from my mind the idea, however flattering to myself, that Mademoiselle Torfe was not insensible to the personal merits of George Shaw, Esq., of the Inner Temple. Christina, with her thoughtful eyes and proud mien, was by no means likely, not only to give away her heart unasked, but to betray a preference for an absolute stranger. Besides this, the Danish aristocracy, though affable and unaffected in social intercourse, still retain their feudal prejudices when matrimony is in question. And the junior barrister, tenant of a grim set of chambers in Pump Court, and thankful for a brief, was no fit match for the daughter of the rich Count Torfe. Still, why had the young lady shown signs of such evident emotion—emotion, too, which she would manifestly have been glad to hide, and which was intensified by the sudden appearance of that green-spectacled German doctor, who had, I could not but own, the very look of a spy.

"Halt! halt, there! Give the word!" called out a beardless Prussian sentinel, whose German had a strong Polish twang in it; and he brought his musket to the "charge" as he hailed me. I started at my reverie being thus roughly broken in upon, and saw the tents of an encampment close before me, clustered around a great old farmhouse over which a flag was hoisted, and which was probably the commandant's quarters. I had arrived at the camp I sought, and a young guardsman, from Posen, was preparing to prove his skill with the newly invented "needle gun" on my person, since I had invaded his post without observing him. I gave the word, however, which I fortunately had received from a civil commissariat officer at Eckernfjord, exhibited my pass, and was committed to the charge of a corporal and fatigue party, who happened just then to pass. My guide was paid and dismissed, since none of the peasantry, without special license, were suffered to enter the camp, and I was at once escorted into the presence of the officer on duty in the nearest guardhouse. This gentleman was polite enough. He read my pass carefully over, compared the signature with an autograph that he had by him, and returned it with a bow.

"You will excuse these formalities, I trust," said the Prussian, smiling good-humoredly. "We have our orders, and our commander, Major Rothenthurm, is not the man to permit any laxity in their execution. And only this morning special instructions— But I will not delay you any longer, mein herr. You are at liberty to visit all parts of the camp, the grand guard and quarter-general excepted."

I was offered the services of an orderly, as it would be hard for me to find my way without guidance; and as the orderly was an intelligent young fellow, with a pleasant face and civil manner, I thankfully accepted the offer.

While conversing with him, and as we passed between the turf hillocks and sandy hollows that intervened between the quarters of the Prussian guard and those of the Danish prisoners, we almost stumbled over an old man in black clothes of clerical cut, with a broad-brimmed hat, from beneath which fell his long iron-gray hair. He was on his knees, carefully digging up some roots with his pocket-knife, and a wallet half full of roots, bulbs, and other objects, lay on the ground beside him. He took off his hat and bowed politely to me as a stranger, and I returned the bow and the "golden daeg," and passed on.

"That is old Herr Pastor Kruse, the clergyman of Eppheim," said the orderly; "though he's a Dane, he's free of the camp, by special orders from headquarters. He is an odd old man, but a good pastor, though he certainly must be crazy about botany and entomology to hunt beetles and wild flowers, as he does, in the very middle of our batteries and battalions. But he is a corresponding member of every learned society in Europe, and Wrangel, Berg, and all the generals, know all about him, and he goes where he likes without being molested. But here are the Danes, mein herr. What was the name of the officer you desired to see?"

"Captain Harald Torfe," I answered, "of the regiment of —" But here the words died away on my lips as a long loud shout came rolling from afar, and immediately afterwards followed the quick menacing rattle of the Prussian drums. My companion started, while even the Danish prisoners lounging in the sunshine clustered together with anxiety depicted in their faces.

"That is the 'alarm,'" observed my guide. "What can be amiss?" This question was soon set at rest. Twenty

soldiers, headed by an officer with his sword drawn, came hurrying up at a run, and several voices demanded:

"Where was the Engländer?"

And before an answer could be returned, the captain at the head of the party laid his hand heavily on my arm and bade me consider myself under arrest, in the names of the König von Preussen and the commandant of Eckernförde. My first impulse was to shake off his grasp, but the futility of resistance was but too plain.

"What is my offense?" I asked, angrily.

The sergeant, who had been interrogating my soldier guide, here broke eagerly in:

"Herr Captain, the orderly declares that this Engländer openly avowed his wish to speak with Captain the Baron Harald Torfe, to whom he had something to deliver. That will make matters clearer to the honorable court-martial."

"Bring him along," cried the captain. And between a file of soldiers with fixed bayonets I was hurried away. My expostulations were quite unheeded. Indeed, no one listened to a word I said, and I soon desisted from the useless endeavor to explain my own innocence of all design hostile to the majesty of Prussia and the Germanic Verein.

I addressed myself to the aide-de-camp, demanding, as calmly as I could, the reason of my arrest. But the Prussian was not disposed to be communicative. He merely frowned, and ordered the sergeant to "keep the prisoner quiet," and I determined to wait until I should be brought before some superior authority, when I could not doubt that the mistake, whatever it was, would at once be cleared up. I waited and waited, in a fever of annoyance and perplexity, while still the drums beat and the word of command resounded without, and still the military automata around me wrote and ciphered, filling up pages and columns with their neat, small handwriting, till the monotonous scratching of their pens upon the paper grew hateful to my ear. At last the door flew open, and I was bidden to "advance, for the court-martial was ready."

In another minute I found myself in a large room, in a condition of piteous wreck and disorder. Six or seven officers were seated at a table littered with papers, while a number of soldiers and one or two nondescript persons, like clerks in uniform, stood in the background. The most prominent figure, however, was a broad-chested old man, wearing several decorations, and whose white mustache and grizzled head, closely cropped, contrasted with his purple and swollen face. All the other officers were young men, and I could not doubt but that this savage-looking veteran was Major Rothenthurm, who commanded at Eckernförde, and whom I had incidentally heard described as a tyrannical martinet.

Major Rothenthurm eyed me very sternly and grimly, much as a tiger might eye the victim lying crushed beneath his cruel paw, and cut short my efforts at remonstrance with almost a roar of angry imperiousness. He then curtly informed the "court" that the proceedings might begin, as the accused was before it; and at a sign from the major, a sergeant, who acted as greffier, dipped his pen in the ink before him, and prepared to write. The "interrogatory" began at once, and I, indignant as I was at the harsh injustice of my treatment, deemed it best to answer the questions. In answer to the president, I told my name and profession, whence I came, and why I had sought an interview with Captain Torfe, of the Danish service. The cigar-case was drawn from my pocket and handed to the president. The fierce old officer held it in his clutch, and continued to stare at me with the expression with which a cat surveys a half-dead mouse.

"You have nothing to add to your confession, Herr Shaw?—nothing, I mean, that may give you a claim to the mercy of the court?"

"Nothing, Major Rothenthurm," I answered, with rising indignation. "I want no mercy from you, but simply to be set at liberty. You are either under some strange delusion, or you are—"

Here a hand was pressed upon my mouth so forcibly that my speech was cut short, while the major looked around, and said, sternly, to the greffier:

"Write that the 'suspect' Shaw, native of Warwickshire, England, insults the court and rejects its clemency. And now, sir, what say you to this proof that your artfully devised scheme to convey concealed dispatches to the Danish prisoners has failed to hoodwink the Royal Prussian officers?"

So saying, the major deliberately opened the splendid box of embossed silver, drew out a cigar, and carefully untwisting the outside leaf of amber-hued tobacco, disclosed a tightly-folded roll of delicate tissue paper, thickly written over in small characters, that had hitherto lain invisible in the centre of that treacherous Havana. A second, and third, and so on to the sixth and last, also gave to view, on the process being repeated, a similar roll of paper.

The papers were unrolled, and three of the officers present, being acquainted with the Danish language, undertook to translate the contents for the information of the court. As for myself, I was fairly struck dumb, and I cannot wonder that my surprise and confusion were attributed to conscious guilt. But my ideas had not yet had time to clear when one of the interpreters announced that the contents of the documents so cunningly concealed corresponded with the warning Major Rothenthurm had received. The dispatches were addressed to Captain Harald Torfe, and urged that officer, well known for his daring and address, to organize an outbreak among the prisoners, and to head a rising on a given day, when the guards might be overpowered, and the escape of all the Danes secured.

The writer further promised, that on the day in question, a flotilla of Danish gunboats and other small vessels would put into the fiord, prepared not only to embark the escaped captives,

but to land a force of marines and seamen to their aid; and so well was the affair planned, that, but for treachery, the scheme might probably have been successful.

Nor was I long left in doubt as to the name of the spy who had played a traitor's part. One of the younger officers thoughtlessly said that "Dr. Jacob Blumenbach was a useful bloodhound," and when those beside the careless speaker uttered a warning "Hush!" the president gruffly remarked that the indiscretion mattered little, since the English "suspect" would not have much chance of holding further intercourse with his Danish friends in Copenhagen.

Then I was removed, while the court should deliberate on my case; nor was I permitted to speak again. Indeed, it would have been of little use. I had already related the simple truth, which had been received with sneers and incredulity. I was marched away to the kitchen of the farm, then full of soldiers, who stared at me, but did not address me. Most of these men were convalescents not yet fit for duty; but there was a regular guard, and the sentries at the outer door were doubled. In twenty minutes a young officer, a lieutenant, came out of the farm parlor. His face was pale and his manner nervous, I thought, as he approached me, a written paper in his hand.

"It is my duty, Herr Shaw, to communicate to you the decision of the court-martial. It is a painful duty, but I cannot reject or modify it," said this gentleman, who seemed a kind-hearted young fellow, and who vainly tried to speak with official formalism as he went on, huskily, "you are found guilty on all the charges. The sentence is—death!"

"Death!" I repeated, incredulously. "You are trying to frighten me. This is a jest!"

"It is grim, hard earnest," said the lieutenant, shaking his head; "here is the sentence in writing. You can read German, I believe?" And I tried to read the writing which he thrust into my hand, but the written words danced before my eyes, and I was unable to decipher one letter. For an instant I was stupefied. Then I spoke out, and to some purpose. Solemnly I protested my innocence; angrily I inveighed against the glaring mockery of my trial. And I bade my hearer remember that I was an Englishman, and that my country was neither slack nor slow in avenging the blood of any of her people unrighteously shed, so that retribution would not fail to overtake those who should murder me under color of law.

To this the lieutenant replied, not unkindly, that the responsibility rested with Major Rothenthurm alone; that what I said might be true, but that the major was the very last man in the Prussian service to attach weight to the displeasure of a foreign power; that he had a strong dislike to England and Englishmen, and that he was thoroughly bent on making a severe example of me, that future attempts of the sort might be checked. Briefly, orders must be obeyed.

"When is it to be?" asked I, in a voice that did not sound like my own.

"At sunset this day," the lieutenant answered, and left me, directing the sergeant to allow me to sit down, and to let me have any refreshments that I might require, but on no account to lose sight of me for an instant. I was thrust into a chair, and there I sat like one who has received a stunning blow. Presently I heard the sound of a voice addressing me kindly, and I looked up and saw Pastor Kruse, the Danish clergyman, standing over me. He was speaking to me in English, but the words had to be twice repeated before I gathered their meaning.

"This is a sad affair," said the old pastor, "but I, for one, am convinced of your innocence. I have been speaking to the major, but he is obdurate. If you will tell me the plain truth, I may save you yet." And indeed, on hearing the whole story from my lips; the good old man declared his intention of setting off at once to General Berg, at Schleswig, an officer whose authority was paramount in the district, and of soliciting at least a respite of the iniquitous sentence.

"I know him well. We are brother naturalists, and he is a good man," said the pastor; "and old as my nag and I are, we have strength enough left to make light of the leagues on an errand of mercy. Keep a good heart. Your life is safe, or my name is not Ephraim Kruse."

But when hour after hour of that long sultry day went by, and no reprieve arrived, I began greatly to doubt whether or no I could depend on the pastor's cheery assurance.

Twice I earnestly entreated to be allowed an interview with Major Rothenthurm, in the vain hope of inducing him to hear reason, but this was denied. Otherwise I was not ill-used. Food was repeatedly offered me, and when I refused it, and asked for writing materials, these were supplied, though I was warned that the letters I wrote would be perused by the commandant, and forwarded or not, according to his good pleasure. I was told, too, that the Danish prisoners were now very closely watched, that guns loaded with grape were pointed at their quarters, and that half the troops in camp were kept under arms to frustrate any outbreak; also, that Captain Harald Torfe, and other captive officers, had been placed in confinement, and were to be questioned in the course of the day.

The day wore on. The shadows grew longer and more slanting, and the level yellow rays of the sinking sun streamed through the western window and fell on the brick floor; but still no signs of Pastor Kruse's embassy having been successful. My mind was growing weary. I had thought long and sadly of dear friends at home, whom I should never see again; of my life so rudely cut short; of my day-dreams never to be realized. I thought, too, of Christina's conduct. The trick was a cruel one; but I was convinced by her agitation, well remembered now, that she was averse to the part she played in the plot, and that others had persuaded her to dissemble thus. And probably but for the treason of that green-spectacled snake of a German doctor, the ruse would have succeeded, and—

"It is time, Herr Shaw," said the young lieutenant, coming in, with his sword drawn, and accompanied by three files of soldiers. Quite passive and apathetic, I permitted myself to be led away, followed by a murmur of compassion from the wounded soldiers in the kitchen. At the outer door the rest of the firing party stood in waiting, and I was conducted onward among the grassy mounds, to a spot where there was a deep sandy hollow. Here a grave had been dug. The pioneers had just finished this portion of their work, and they waited, leaning on their spades, to fill in the earth that should cover me from men's sight for ever. A rude coffin, of unpainted deal, lay beside the grave. The firing party was hastily drawn up, and as they faced me, the sergeant produced a handkerchief to bind my eyes. As he touched me, I seemed at once to become awake to the dreadful nature of my position.

I began, for the fourth time, to protest my absolute innocence of any military offense, but in

vain. I was forced down on my knees, and blindfolded. They left me kneeling beside the trench, and I heard the words, "Attention! Order arms!" The muskets rattled. But then there was a shout, the tramp of a horse, and next a hearty cheer from the soldiers.

"Reprieved! A reprieve for the Engländer! Huzza!"

The bandage was torn from my eyes, and I found myself in presence of an aide-de-camp of General Berg, who had ridden hard from Schleswig, as the condition of his reeking charger proved, but who was only just in time. The general had been absent from the city when Pastor Kruse arrived, and had not returned until it was almost too late to hope that the messenger of mercy should reach Eckernförde before sunset. However, I was saved, and having been sent to Schleswig, was there set at liberty. General Berg being sensible enough to perceive that I had been made a mere scapegoat in the matter.

"You will make the best of your way to England, I suppose," said the general, good-humoredly; "and keep out of old Rothenburg's way in future, I advise you. That old man—he won his way up from the ranks in the French war by sheer dogged courage—is a terrible Turk, and might have involved us sadly with your country, but for Pastor Kruse. But I see plainly how ill you have been used. Why, Mademoiselle Christina has no brother at all, as I am informed. The captain is a cousin, and the young people have been betrothed from childhood, in the old Danish fashion."

And such was the case; for, long afterward, I heard from the Hanburys, whom I found it hard to forgive for their share of the plot, that Count Torfe's eldest daughter had, at the conclusion of the war, been married to Baron Harald, her cousin.

"OLD SWEDES' CHURCH."

THE Old Swedes' Church, or as it was called by them, The Wicaco, or otherwise spelt Wicacoa, which name was given to the place by the Indians, was one of three churches built and used by the Swedes. Of the others, one was at Christina (now Wilmington, Del.), named after their queen, and the other at Tinicum, on the Delaware.

The first permanent settlement on the shores of the Delaware, appears to have been made by the Dutch, consisting of thirty-four persons brought over by Captain De Vries, in 1630-31; but he, having occasion to return to Holland, left the colony in charge of an inexperienced individual, and they were all, in 1632, exterminated by the Indians. De Vries returned in December of the same year, and entering the Delaware, found no signs of the colony he expected to meet, save their bones. We date, therefore, the first permanent settlement of the Dutch on the Delaware about the year 1633. This appears to be the earliest period claimed for them by their own historians.

It was in the reign of that illustrious king, Gustavus Adolphus (who lost his life in the battle of Lutzen, in November, 1632), that an attempt was first made to plant a colony of Swedes in America.

William Usselinx, a Hollander, had formed so favorable an opinion of this country, representing it as a fine fertile land, in which all the necessities and comforts of life were to be enjoyed in overflowing abundance, that he presented the king the idea of a trading company. Upon his representation, a company was established, with power to trade to Asia, Africa, and the Straits of Magellan. The king issued his proclamation, or edict, dated at Stockholm, the second day of July, 1626, in which he offered to people of all conditions, liberty of shares, by subscription, according to their ability or inclinations.

The proposal was received with general satisfaction. The court, many civic and military officers of high rank, the bishop and clergymen, merchants, citizens, country gentlemen, and farmers, became subscribers. Ships and all necessities were provided. An admiral, vice-admiral, commissaries, merchants, &c., were appointed. The work was ripe for accomplishment, when the German war, and soon after the death of the king, put a stop to the proceedings, and for the present defeated the intention of sending to America a Swedish colony.

About ten years later, Peter Minnew (or Minuit), the first Governor of New Amsterdam (now New York), after his removal from that position by the appointment of Van Twiller, and profiting by his knowledge of the country, went to Sweden, and informed some of the principal gentlemen that the Dutch had settled on the east side of the Delaware, but that the whole of the western side was unoccupied, except by the Indians. He urged a settlement there, offering to conduct the enterprise. The project was well received, and, in particular, was favored by the prime minister, Count Oxenstierna.

He laid before Queen Christina the plan of a colony; she was pleased with it, and gave, in 1636, her orders for the execution of the same.

A ship called the Key of Calmar was fitted out from Gottenburg, and Minnew was appointed commander of the colony. The Key of Calmar was accompanied by a smaller vessel called the Bird Grip (or Griffin), fitted out in a like manner; Reorus Torillius accompanied Minnew, as the first Swedish missionary, and died here in 1643, aged thirty-five years. They arrived in safety, obtained a grant of land from the Indians, extending from the mouth of Cape Hen open to the Fall of Sanhican (or Trenton Falls), and there fixed stakes and marks. The purchase was formally stated in writings, under which the Indians put their marks. The document was sent to Sweden, and preserved in the archives at Stockholm.

The people settled on the creek still called Christina, and erected a fort at the mouth of it; naming both in honor of their queen.

The manner in which Pennsylvania became settled by the English is well known. The large territory comprehended under this name was granted by Charles II. to William Penn, in compensation of a large sum owed by the government to his father, Admiral Penn. Penn came over in 1682, and founded the city of Philadelphia.

The Swedes, who were owners of the soil, opposed the undertaking, but by kind promises and other means were, after awhile, induced to agree to it. Penn offered the Swedes a portion of land, where they might live together, and enjoy their own customs; but they preferred remaining as they were, which their descendants seem to have bitterly regretted.

About this time an impostor, who bore the name of Koenigsmark, arrived among the Swedes, and having gained many adherents, especially among the Finns, raised a sedition, though with what object does not appear. This man was apprehended, branded, and exiled.

His followers were fined and some lost their land. The disturbances occasioned in this manner seemed to have lessened the good opinion Penn had formed of the Swedes. He continued, however, his good offices toward them, and having before this returned to England, sent them books and catechisms, and a folio Bible for their church.

It is not certain as to the exact time, but just before the attack of the Dutch, under Stuyvesant, or soon after, which is the most likely, from the growing animosity of the Indians toward them, the Dutch ordered the Swedes to erect a block-house at Wicaco, for defense against the Indians. As the distance to Tinicum rendered attendance at public worship there very inconvenient,

this block-house was converted into a church. They applied to the Rev. Jacob Fapritius, of New York, who accepted a call to Wicaco, where he preached his first sermon on Trinity Sunday, in the year 1677, in the Dutch language, which the Swedes, from the intercourse they had with that people, and the close affinity between the two languages, well understood. He officiated as their pastor for fourteen years, nine of which he was blind. He died about 1692.

Three others were chosen by the Archbishop of Upsal, with and by the consent of King Charles XI., of Sweden, as clergymen of the Swedish churches in America, the 15th day of July, 1696: Jonas Auren, for Bacon or Penn's Neck Church; Erick Biorck, for Christina Church, Wilmington, Del.; and Andrew Rudman, for the Wicaco Church.

They left Sweden in the ship Palmbottom, Capt. Hogen, on the 4th day of August, 1696. They encountered a violent storm in the North Sea; were compelled to put into London, England, and there they were detained by the authorities until the 4th day of February, 1697, when they sailed in the ship Jeffris, Capt. Cooper. After ten weeks, they reached the coast of Virginia, and, entering the Chesapeake bay, they landed at Annapolis, Md. After remaining about two weeks, they obtained a shallop, and landed at a place called Transtown (probably Frenchtown), situated on the Elk River, from which place they were taken by their friends to their new homes, on the 27th day of June, 1697.

In 1697, the church at Wicaco was a half mile from the city of Philadelphia, and the minister's garden and mansion-house were four miles from the city, at Point Breeze, on the Schuylkill river. The population was very thin, and scattered all along the river-shore, so that some of them had to walk or ride sixteen miles to church. Nevertheless, Mr. Rudman says: "They very regularly attended divine service on Sundays," &c. On the 28th day of May, 1698, they held the cornerstone of the Old Swedes' Church, at Christina (now Wilmington, Del.), and on Trinity Sunday, of the following year, 1699, it was dedicated to service.

The Swedes near Philadelphia commenced preparations for the building of a new church, at the same time with those of Christina; but the undertaking was delayed a year or two, on account of their not being able to agree among themselves as to where the building should be erected. Those who resided on the banks of the Schuylkill, and lower down, wished the church built at a place called Passunk (now Point Breeze), and those on the other side wished it built on the Delaware, at Wicaco. After several fruitless attempts by each party, a general meeting of the congregation was called on the 17th day of May, 1698, when the lower inhabitants proposed to have the matter decided by lot. Accordingly, two pieces of paper were prepared, on one of which was written Wicaco, and on the other, Passunk; these were shaken in a hat, and thrown upon the ground, when, upon taking one up, and opening it, the name of Wicaco appeared. Dissension at once ceased, and all joined in a cheerful hymn of praise.

The same bricklayers and carpenters who had built the church at Christina, were employed to build the one at Wicaco; and on the second Sunday after Trinity, in the year 1700, the Rev. Erick Biorck, of Christina, preached the dedication sermon, from 2 Sam. v. 23. Mr. Biorck says: "The churches at Christina and Wicaco will cost about \$20,000" (Swedish money). He mentions the fact of the two Governors and their suites visiting the church at Christina, Francis Nicholson, Governor of Maryland, and Governor Blackstone, of Virginia, the former being their great patron.

The church alluded to above as dedicated in 1700, is the one of which we give an engraving.

There is still preserved in this church, on the front of the west gallery, an antique representation of two cherubs, with their wings spread over what is intended to represent the Holy Bible, on one of the open pages of which is the following passage from Isaiah, in Swedish characters: "The people who walked in darkness have seen a great light," &c.; and on the other page, that passage, also in Swedish characters, from the New Testament, in which the angels, at the birth of the Saviour, are spoken of as celebrating the event in the anthem of "Glory to God in the Highest," &c.

The present bell of the Wicaco church has the following inscription upon it: "Cast for Swedish Church in Philadelphia, styled Gloria Dei, partly from the old bell, dated 1643. G. Hedderly, Fecit, 1806."

"I to the church the living call,

And to the grave do summons all."

The Rev. Andrew Rudman preached his farewell sermon at Wicaco, on the 19th day of July, 1701, and departed the next day to enter upon his duties at New York and Albany among the Dutch. How long Mr. Rudman officiated in New York is not known. He found the climate did not agree with his constitution, and his health becoming impaired, he took measures to obtain for them a Dutch clergyman to supply his place. After leaving New York, Mr. Rudman officiated for some time at the English Church at Oxford, and afterward, upon the Rev. Mr. Evans leaving this place for England, he took charge of Christ Church, in this city. He continued to officiate in that until his death, which took place on the 17th day of September, 1708, aged forty years. His remains lie beneath the chancel in the Wicaco church. The parsonage still remained at Passunk, until 1733, when they finished another, which still stands beside the church. There is but one stone in the yard that contains a Swedish inscription; and the oldest stone contains the following:

"Here lieth the body of Peter, the son of Andreas Sandal, Minister of this Church, who died April 9th 21, A.D. 1708, aged 2 years and 4 months."

"Here also lieth the body of Andreas, son of Andreas Sandal, who died August 13, A.D. 1711, aged 2 weeks and 2 days."

There are several stones that are under what was formerly the central aisle, the present being a wood floor, built above the original one, which was of tile or slabs.

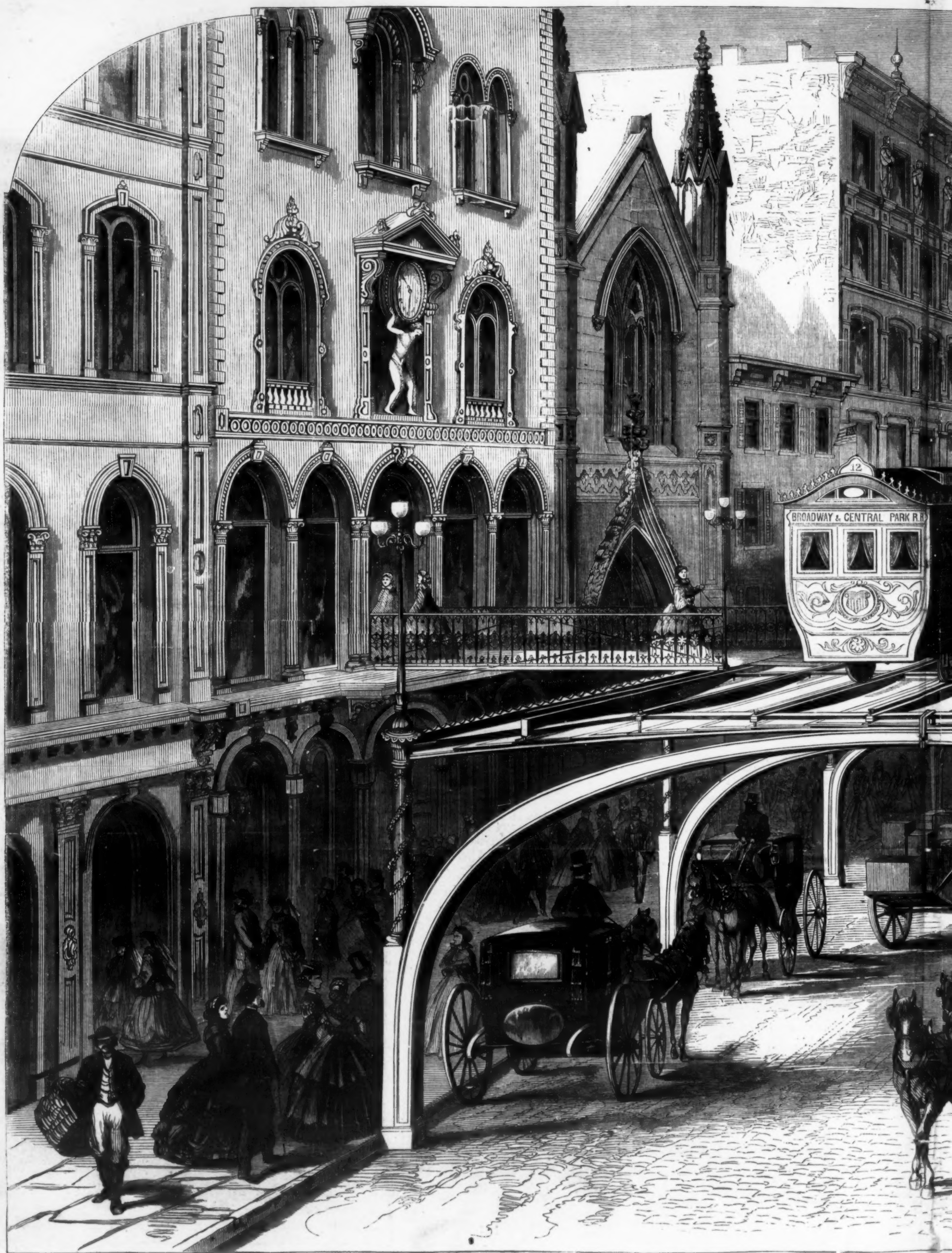
The Old Swedes' Church, as it is familiarly known, is the oldest church in Pennsylvania by several years. It has had twelve different rectors during the last 166 years, and is known in its connection with the Protestant Episcopal Church in these United States. The church has a gallery running on the north and west side, also on the west end, in which is placed a small organ. The congregation comprises about 600.

When Jenny Lind was in the city of Philadelphia, she attended service at this church, and although she took every precaution to prevent the public from knowing of her intended visit, by driving in a different direction to that of the church, yet, upon her arrival, it was soon spread, and they were forced to close the doors leading to the galleries, for fear of their breaking down with the crowd, anxious to catch a glimpse of the Queen of Song.

In front of the door stands the sexton, who has been connected with the church for thirty-four years in that capacity.

On the 14th day of November, A.D. 1831, a meeting of the congregation was held, and among other matters of interest, "they felt the necessity, from the little knowledge of the Swedish language remaining among them, of having clergymen set over them who had received their education in this country, &c." Up to this time they had been supplied from Sweden.

On the north side, and adjoining the church, was a two-story brick house, used during the secretaryship of the city by the British as a picket-post and guard-quarters. Among the officers was one young man who had been very earnest in his attentions to a very pretty young lady in the vicinity, and who finally secured her under promise of marriage. He was in the habit of walking in the grave-yard each day, and while doing so, a report was heard, and the officer fell a lifeless corpse; his body was carried into the house, and every effort made to discover the assassin, but to no purpose, and it remained a secret as to where from, or by whom the shot was fired. At length the property was sold, and the order given to tear it down. While the workmen were removing the roof, a rifle was found stowed away between the rafters and sheathing, well rusted, and showing unmistakable signs of long disuse; there were also found blood-stains upon the floor, just under a small window, looking down upon the church-yard, and who placed the rifle in that position, or whose life-blood left its indelible stain upon the floor, has never been revealed; yet, those who related the story just given, and which has passed into the annals of Philadelphia, say that that young lady had a brother, who was never seen after the occurrence of this tragedy.



BROADWAY RAILROAD—THE GRAND ELEVATION OF THE OVERBRIDGE



OVERGROUND RAILROAD.—DESIGNED AND PATENTED BY WILLIAM HEMSTREET, BROOKLYN.

NOT YET.

BY MISS R. V. ROBERTS.

Not yet! not yet
The time hath come to cease this weary toil,
The daily struggle 'midst the world's turmoil,
To shake from off thy mind its grasp and soil—
Not yet!

The constant fret and worry—cark and care,
Like sculptor's chisel, delicate and rare,
Fashions thy soul to lineaments more fair—
Not yet!

Not yet, not yet
Hath come the time to say: "It is enough,
I weary of this battle—long and rough."
A true brave heart is made of firmer stuff;—
Not yet!

Thou must not lay thy trusty weapons down,
However weary of the combat grown,
Thou canst not claim the palm—the victor's crown,
Not yet.

Not yet, not yet
Thy finished work appointed hath been done;
Nor the long, persevering race, been run,
And the sure peace of patience won—
Not yet.

Thou hast not plucked away all noxious weeds,
Thou hast not sown thy measure of good seeds,
Nor filled thy stint of self-denying deeds—
Not yet.

Not yet, not yet—
Not till each wayward thought hath been sub-
dued;
Till thou hast trampled down each bitter mood,
And learned to count each trial, sweet and good—
Not yet.

Till free from envious wish—suspicion mean,
Thy spirit hath been purged, all pure and clean,
And thou o'er conquered self art absolute queen—
Then—but not yet.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAKE,"
"REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.CHAPTER LXVI—CONTINUED.—UNDER PRISON
HAVER.

"Do you believe me guilty?" demanded An-
thony.

Sleuth's soul had rightly divined what was
coming, and what he would have to prevent—the
asking himself of Anthony a corresponding ques-
tion, supposing he avowed at once his belief in
Anthony's innocence.

"Anthony, reflect, I pray you, just one mo-
ment. You have been charged before me—me, a
magistrate—with the commission of one of the
most awful of crimes. I do not know—I don't
want to know, till obliged—what duties this may
impose on me as a magistrate, but I think I may
safely say that I cannot, at once, be a party to
your prosecution and a secret sympathizer who
tells you—whatever he may believe, and hope to
see proved—that you are innocent."

"Perhaps I might agree with that, Dick, if you
weren't so long-winded. I will not follow your
example, if you are going to ask—"

"I am not going to do anything of the kind,
Anthony—not now. But when you are acquitted
—and you shall see that not a thing shall be left
undone, to discover all facts that may—nay, must
—tend in that direction, if you are innocent—then,
indeed, I will ask you the question; and then, if I
get my full acquittal from you, it will be dearer to
me than if I had stood in the felon's dock, and
there obtained the verdict: 'Not guilty!'"

"The felon's dock! By heavens, Sleuth, at
times I think you come here to drive me out of my
senses. Your words are admirable, your acts
seemingly beyond reproach, your aims kind—yet
you throw in, every now and then, words, tones,
looks, that, if I could doubt myself or my fate,
would impel me to do so."

"Perhaps there may be a reason for that."

"What is it?"

"Bear with me, and I will confess—ay, all. I
do not think, then, you sufficiently weigh your
danger."

"What!"

"Let me tell you this. When the whole subject
was gone into by the doctor, Mr. Macguire and
myself, through the movements of that wretched
vagabond, Stonor, whom we had before us, the
weight of seeming facts were so fearfully heavy,
that I felt crushed by them to the earth; and
though I hope the best, it would be no true act of
a friend to advise you to do other than be pre-
pared for the worst."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Laugh on, Anthony; I shall be glad, even, if
it is my words that excite you to harmless mirth.
But is it harmless?"

There was a cold, steely glitter in Sleuth's eyes
that checked abruptly Anthony's bitter laugh. He
didn't understand it, but he paused, thought about
it, and was altogether more guarded through the
rest of the interview.

"What do you want me to do or say?" he said,
after a painful silence.

"I want you to get time."

"Time! For what?"

"For the discovery of fresh facts."

"Why, the assizes don't begin for two months
yet. What more can I want than that?"

"Listen, Anthony. What I have to say must
not go further." The magisterial attitude of
mind here so far overpowered the instinctive in-
dividual attitude, that Sleuth drew Anthony
to him, instead of himself going nearer to An-
thony. "Mr. Macguire's clerk, who was pre-
sent, said to me afterwards: 'If these facts are
all proved, and no opposite ones brought to smash
them, there's evidence to hang a dozen men! So,

for heaven's sake, don't you or he underrate the
danger.'"

It would be wrong to conceal the fact that An-
thony's face did blanch a little at this, that his
words became abrupt—full of agitation and brief
fits of wild excitement—that his tones trembled,
and his limbs seemed to own no master.

For a moment, however, only. With a strong
effort of self-control in the midst of his impetuous
wanderings to and fro, with a brief pause, in a
dark corner of the cell, while he offered up a
prayer, like a cry of anguish and appeal against
wrong, he came back with a smile on his face,
thinking of Clarissa's letter.

"Well, Dick, I will fight, anyhow; trust me for
that. Anything more?"

"Can you ask me, Anthony? Do you not yet
see what I want to say, but have not the courage
to bring out?"

"I do not," said Anthony, simply; for he was
already recalling expressions of his mistress's let-
ter. And, to own the whole truth, Anthony
wearied of Sleuth's visit, and rather wanted to
evade fresh surprises leading to nothing that he
could rest on satisfactorily. But Sleuth's first
half-dozen words sent Clarissa's image into forget-
fulness, and revived in sudden vividness all his
interest in the dialogue.

"Anthony, if you are wise, you'll evade for the
present this trial!"

It was almost with a laugh of surprise that An-
thony exclaimed:

"Evade! Well, that is cool! Do you mean I
shall put my hand in my pocket, and find there
the keys that will unlock every gate and set me
free?"

"I say, Anthony, that, for the honor of the
family, for the security of your own life, and ulti-
mate good name, you must—"

"Ay, what?"

"Fly!" whispered Sleuth, but without the
slightest gesture other than a lifting of the eye-
brows. "Fly. I will risk all that is involved in
securing your escape. I will even, if too closely
pushed, say plainly: 'Well, I own I did give my
cousin a chance to do at a future day what he can-
not do now.'"

"Don't be too sure of that," interposed An-
thony. But Sleuth went on, as if he would not be
interrupted:

"And if I must resign my commission as a jus-
tice of the peace, I do it willingly."

"This might not only save me, but you, Dick!"
said Anthony, in a low, penetrating voice, that
seemed to go to Sleuth's marrow.

"Of course. I have foreseen that. If no pre-
sent trial takes place, I am necessarily left un-
questioned. What then? Does that alter the fact
that you—the man of all others at present most
deeply interested in the discovery of facts to prove
your innocence—are crippled by being here, so
that you can only work through others, and will
be a prey, therefore, to the worst of all miseries—
that of being inactive while in the greatest dan-
ger?"

"Grant that, it is—you must own it, Dick—a
very convenient arrangement for you. I escape.
People cry out: 'Ah, you see, he knew what was
best when it came to the push.' My character
gets a new and blacker dye. You stand be-
fore the world safe—deprived of your office—a
martyr to your love of me. Admirable plot, if only
the chief actor would play in it. I won't, and I
tell you honestly, Dick, this proposal deepens all
my— But enough; we had better separate."

"And you will not, even for her sake, save your-
self and punish me?"

"Sleuth, by the Lord, I'll break every bone in
your body if you dare again hint at that. You un-
derstand. And as to the other remark about pun-
ishing you, I wish to be calm, so I ask you quietly
what you mean when you say I can punish you?"

"If, Anthony, I am that which you think, what
could be finer—more truly poetic in its justice—
than that you should take me at my word, get out,
use the funds you have, first to guard your
secrecy, then to commit me—if I am the true
criminal—by hunting up, and marshaling into a
state of irresistible proof all the facts that
must be denied you where you are now?"

Anthony was struck, and was silent. He could
not deny that Sleuth had touched the very heart
of an innocent prisoner's anguish in these words.
A hundred times already had he said to himself,
"If I were but free! If I were but free to investi-
gate!"

Sleuth pursued his advantage:

"On your theory, you and I are the true
enemies, who must now fight a deadly combat.
Very well. It is a fair combat? You a prisoner,
I at liberty. You with some doubt hanging over
your name, I, a respected, and, I may say, a
popular magistrate. You prepared, I venture to
think, with no decisive facts against me, I pre-
pared with the evidence that made Mr. Macguire's
clerk speak so strongly. Anthony, I am not a
fool. On your theory, I should be too glad to
shake hands with you, and hurry out with
the conviction that you were a lost man, and that
I had only to guard against every kind of pity or
remorse."

Anthony began now seriously to question him-
self. He began to think that somehow Sleuth
was not only dominant in this meeting, but
dominant partly through the superior moral
position he had taken up. His thoughts were
turned to a new channel by the next words he
heard:

"Anthony, I am very—very miserable. I
lament the day my uncle came to seek me at the
chemist's shop; I lament my own silly dreams of
social splendor; I lament that the discovery of
the codicil gave me such realization of my dreams,
as alone they were capable of. If that had not
happened, I should have had one true friend to
this hour. Now I am alone! Unfit for the
world I live in; unfit for the world I quit. A
stranger to the one man whom I have loved."

"Well, Dick, let us wish the next few weeks
safely over for both of us, and then—"

"Ay, that's it! That is what I want to hear.
You accept, then? You will go, if I can open the
prison-doors?"

"No!" exclaimed Anthony, hastily, and with a
passionate gesture, as if he were thrusting from
him an idea that, for the moment, had tempted
him. "No; I wouldn't have come here if it could
have helped it. I would have let the past sink
to oblivion, and have trusted to time and my
own character to have kept my future uncompro-
mised. But the blow had been struck that
compels me now to turn and face the enemy,
whoever he is. I am charged publicly. I will
now defend myself publicly. Dick, I thank you
all the same. Pardon me if I have used angry and
unjust words. You must not measure me too
nicely just now in such things. I feel at times as
if I should lose my senses, but that is only a
passing mood. I am calm now. Feel my wrist
here, and you will be satisfied that all is well
within."

"Anthony, whatever I may say or do—I mean
in fulfilling my duty—I shall remember you at
this moment, and feel sure of your innocence."

"You say so? You really say so, Dick?"

"I do."

"Then you can say no more. And if the seem-
ing truth kills me, I will say it is that, and not
you. Do your work, then, fearlessly. I trust in
God, and his knowledge of my absolute inno-
cence."

They shook hands. Sleuth went away, and
Anthony sat down on his narrow bed, and tried to
collect his thoughts, that had been so strangely
disturbed, and so prepare himself for Mr. Stamp's
arrival, who was, however, otherwise engaged.

CHAPTER LXVII.—IN COUNCIL.

MR. STAMP'S private business room at Hengston,
where was the favored legal representative of
most of the county families within a large sur-
rounding circle, may have previously had persons
in it who had assembled there on business quite
as momentous to them as that which now calls
three persons to it in council; but certainly the
presiding genius of the place (Mr. Stamp) had
never before felt so deep a personal interest and
anxiety as he felt to-day in listening to Harris's
story of Anthony's arrest, and in looking on the
bright, saucy, intelligent face of Esau, now some-
what obscured by grief, while made to under-
stand who he was—the alderman's grandson, and
the son of the very man who had originated this
charge against Esau's benefactor.

Mr. Stamp's first impression was that the whole
story was trumped up by Bob, and that he had in
some way put the burglars into a position to be
compelled to own their share in the robbery, and
that therefore they had, as he (Bob) must have
anticipated, taken care to disclaim all knowledge
of the murder.

"You see, my friend," he said to Harris, "that
the fellows are acute enough to know that the
law, having caught them, and transported them
for one offense, won't care to go into another
offense of the same kind. But murder is a very
different thing. So they own the robbery, and
stoutly deny the murder; and Bob, having got to
hear of certain facts, and having exhausted his
son's patrimony, comes back to speculate on this
charge of murder. I'd lay my life on it, if we
knew all, that he'd just as soon have brought the
charge against Mr. Sleuth as against Mr.
Anthony Maude, but for private reasons of his
own."

"And what may those be?" asked Harris, in
his usual melancholy tone.

"Well, it's a ticklish subject to go into. He
may have thought one gentleman could be fright-
ened, and the other not; may have thought one
would pay well, the other not, to have the affair
hushed up."

"I have no doubt, sir, you understand these
things a deal better than I do; but if I may be so
bold as to suggest—"

"Oh, speak out! I confess to you I am at
present utterly in the dark."

"Well, sir, it's this. This man—Bob, or Stonor
—hasn't been near us. That I can speak to; and
if he has been to this Mr. Sleuth, he must have
failed there, or why did he go on?"

"Yes, that looks, I must own, as if he thought
he had himself a case against our friend, and one
that he wasn't inclined to compromise. I have
sent a clerk to see if he can get me any particu-
lars of what is doing. I'll inquire if he has come
back."

He rang the bell, and the clerk referred to en-
tered, as if he had been waiting for the ring as a
signal.

"Only this, sir," he said, handing to Mr. Stamp
a great poster, which he held, lightly doubled by
holding the two ends, between the tips of his
fingers.

Mr. Stamp spread it out on the table; and
Harris and Esau, seeing his look of wonder, ap-
proached and read:

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD.

Whereas, late in the night of the 22d of June,
1816, Silas Maude, Esq., commonly known as Mr.
Alderman Maude, was barbarously murdered by a
shot from a fire-arm, in his bed-room at Rock
House, Green Lanes, Hengston, and whereas it
was supposed at the time that he was killed by
two men who then broke into his dwelling, and
carried off various articles of property, but that
there is now reason to believe that other unknown
parties were concerned in the crime, either in con-
cert with the burglars (which they deny), or acting
independently of them; and the above reward will
be paid by the nephew and heir of the said Silas
Maude, Esq., to such person or persons as may
bring the murderer or murderers to conviction and punishment;
or, failing that, from any unforeseen cause, to
such person or persons as shall be able to prove,
to the satisfaction of one of His Majesty's Justices
of the Peace, who is, in his opinion, the real
criminal, Dr. Pompey, of Eddington, (the
nearest friend of the said Silas Maude), has con-
sented to act in this capacity, and he will also
gladly aid in any inquiries, and be responsible for
any expenses that may seem to him legitimately
calculated to promote discovery.

"Hem! hem! hem!" coughed Mr. Stamp;
"this is about the shrewdest thing I ever met in
a long professional life. What say you, Mr.
Harris?"

Harris shook his head, and was evidently unable
to think of anything but the secret connection
between this placard and his friend and partner,
who seemed to him in greater danger than ever
if, as seemed to be the case, the fair and just
men who had issued this bill were also the men
who had advised the issue of the warrant for the
arrest; for the fact had flown far and wide that,
although Mr. Macguire had been the hand, the
decision had been that of Mr. Macguire, Dr.
Pompey, and Mr. Sleuth.

"Well," said Mr. Stamp, "what say you to this
idea: suppose this worthy gentleman (Mr. Bob)
has tried it on upon Mr. Sleuth, and has extracted
this? Eh?"

"You do not mean it?" said Harris, starting up
in affright.

"I said, 'suppose.' On the theory that the
burglars did not murder the alderman, people
generally will say that it is clear, then, who did."

"Who?" asked Harris, in an agitated voice.

"Why, they will say that it must be one of the
two young men who were in the house that night.
I go further. I say the public will promptly con-
clude that it is that one of the two who was, as
we say, 'left out in the cold,' or—and this is an
important limitation—who thought himself so.
For it is quite conceivable the man who shot the
alderman, did so, thinking the estate would pass
from him if he did not, and then, too late, dis-
covered his error."

Then, seeing Harris's distressed look, he added:
"But this is over-refining. The broad facts are,
that our friend, Anthony Maude, is in prison; that
it is this Bob who puts him there, and that he will
get a reward of a thousand pounds from Mr.
Sleuth, if he succeed in proving his guilt before a
court of justice."

"Awful! It's really awful! But the bill says
he may get it even by satisfying Dr. Pompey."

"Oh! that is right enough. It is intended to
prepare for such a contingency as the guilty man's
flight or death before conviction, and so on."

It was a strange coincidence; but when these
words were uttered, the time was the same, or
very nearly the same, as that in which Sleuth was
in the prison, urging Anthony to flight.

"Well, gentlemen," continued Mr. Stamp, "I
thought I would see you before I went to our un-
fortunate friend, who now waits for me, and is
cursing me, I fear, for my inhumanity; but I will
now, if you please, ask you to amuse yourselves as
you best can for an hour or two, while I go to the
prison."

They were separating, when Mr. Stamp ex-
claimed, loudly:

"Stop! there's Miss Pompey!—at least, I think
it is her, although she is so closely veiled. Excuse
me one moment."

He went out, and almost immediately returned
with Clarissa, who, seeing Harris, went up, took
his hand—that was so shyly stretched out, as if in
doubt of the propriety of the act—held it fast,
while he felt how she trembled, and continued to
hold it, while he, fearing she was fainting, seated
her. Then she bent her head a little, and the
spectators all turned away in respect, sympathy,
and awe of the passing storm.

She did not long remain thus. She drew herself
up, raised her veil, and Harris almost forgot, in
the wondrous sweetness of that face, and of its
smile, the tell-tale evidence of the eyes.

"I am so glad to see you," she said, in a low,
quivering voice, that gradually strengthened as she
proceeded. "My father thought he had better
not come himself; but—but he knows I am here."

Of course no further explanations were needed.
"And this is Esau, my old acquaintance, is it,
and Mr. Maude's kinsman?"

"And friend!" said Esau, with some pride.

Clarissa looked at his animated face, but could
not think of him—not then. She sighed deeply,
and turned to the lawyer.

"My father, Mr. Stamp, authorizes me to say
he will be glad to see you at any time, and he will
always be at your service, if you think he can in
any way promote the interests of your client,
which he is beginning, even now, to believe will
be the interest of truth."

"Well, Miss Pompey, I have little to say at
present, and I would have preferred to reserve
that little till after my interview with Mr. Maude;
but, as you have honored us with this visit, I will
try to put the case into a nutshell:

"Supposing the burglars to speak truly—and I
won't trust them as yet—but supposing this, I
say, the two facts on which it is most desirable
instantly to obtain additional information are
these—who was it that the housekeeper saw going
to the safe-room, immediately after the murder,
and before any warning had been given? Mrs.
Milton at first thought it was Mr. Sleuth, judging,
perhaps, from the sound of his step, or some
slight indication of that kind, subsequently for-
gotten; but when she saw the man, hastily, and in
half darkness, she thought it was Mr. Anthony—
mainly, I judge, on account of the light coat which
the man wore, and which seemed to her to be the
same she found Anthony wearing, as he knelt by the
bedside of the murdered man. That is the first criti-
cal question. I shall see Mrs. Milton, but I have
no hope of fresh light from her. Now as to the
second question: Who was it that wrote that pencil
memorandum on the back of the codicil, so
strangely discovered? My dear Miss Pompey,
you know, without a word from me, what I think.
I repudiate, as absolutely as you can, the belief
that Mr. Anthony Maude was really the party con-
cerned in either of these transactions; but if we
cannot clear them up—"

The lawyer was silent. So, also, was Harris. So
was Esau. Clarissa turned away, and again
seemed to undergo some fearful convulsion of
feeling, but which she mastered so heroically
that, almost before any one was conscious of the

fact, she was gazing on them with a face pale, but also seemingly as impassive, as marble.

"It would be a startling solution of the whole," said Mr. Stamp, "if Bob himself should prove to be the murderer. Most likely he knew of the robbery, and he may have fancied it a splendid opening for wreaking a bloody vengeance on the old man for his unforgiveness to his daughter and that daughter's husband."

They all caught at this, but just when they were beginning to think the case was getting quite clear, Mr. Stamp threw all back into confusion by saying:

"I fear that hypothesis must be dismissed, for none but a born idiot would willingly himself reopen such a matter, though, if it were re-opened, he might gladly enough jump to the idea of obtaining safety from suspicion by getting somebody else into the dock."

"That's just Mr. Sleuth's position—is it not?" said Harris, a little incautiously.

"Mr. Harris will please to remember he speaks of a magistrate and highly-respected gentleman."

Then, seeing how the poor man was taken aback, he said, graciously:

"Of course, were Mr. Sleuth in question—which he is not yet—it would be advisable to say what has been said. But we must be very cautious. I don't want to give Mr. Sleuth the remotest occasion for showing jealousy of our proceedings. I wish, indeed, to see a little of Mr. Sleuth's own views and attitude before I go any further."

Then, after a pause, he said:

"I suppose no one sees how either the light-coat question or the pencil-marks and codicil question can be cleared up."

"Ask Miss Phillis?" suddenly said Esau. "I think she knows more than you'll easily get out of her."

Mr. Stamp was greatly interested in this suggestion, though he could get nothing further from Esau than that the latter had seen Sleuth at one time kissing Phillis—Esau colored a little as his saucy, inquisitive eyes just then turned to Miss Pompea—and at another he had seen them in quarrel, and Phillis in wild distress.

But when Mr. Stamp heard from Miss Pompea what he had not known before—of Phillis's late attack on Sleuth, and her arrest, and committal to prison, and madness—his whole manner and countenance underwent a great change. He became wonderfully cool, self-possessed, airy, used few words, would not let those present talk, but promptly brought the meeting to a close by a few words of his own:

"Miss Pompea, if I did not say before what was in my mind, about your conduct in coming here, let me say it now—not by words, but by a suggestion. It is possible—I dare not go further—but it is possible, I say, that you may have Mr. Maude's fate entirely in your hands."

"If? Merciful heaven!"

"You. I know what I say, and I say less than I think. It is no time to be sanguine. It is a time for work—real, hard work. I see many things to do, which I shall begin on the very moment I leave our captive friend. But they are all slight, I am sorry to say; yours is not. With that woman probably lies the solution we all seek. But you say she is mad. That, probably, is only the first and temporary shock of some great disappointment. She may get better; but she will require more tender handling than men can bestow. She might talk to you, might confide to you things—But you understand?"

"Yes, yes, I think so."

"I have a most intelligent clerk, Mr. Goaden, whom I will place at your service. He is a most discreet man personally—old enough, young lady, to be your father. So if you want aid without waiting or wishing to consult me, call him to you. He'll be prepared, night or day, to go on an inquiry into the next street here, or to start by tomorrow's Indian mail to Bengal."

"Thank you. Please let me see him before you go."

"Come, then, if you please, with me, Mr. Harris, we can say no more to-day—unless it be this: let none of us at present tell even to our right hands what our left hands know."

CHAPTER LXVIII.—BEHIND THE PRISON SCREEN.

CLARISSA'S courage almost failed her when she began to realize the true character of the duty she had undertaken. Though she said nothing to Mr. Stamp about her father's objections, she knew they would prove most formidable when she began to do things that mixed her up in Anthony's position and fate before the whole world—and that, in addition, threatened to be to herself a constant source of personal vexation and anxiety, by taking her away from his society.

One by one, however, she accepted all her tasks, and fulfilled them. She had a long interview with Mr. Goaden, the clerk, which ended in his departure that night for Phillis's home in Cumberland, to fetch Mrs. Milton, the god-mother, who might not only help them in their endeavors to release Phillis, but who might be otherwise useful during the next few critical weeks.

Then Clarissa addressed herself to her father, and kept up an unceasing fire upon him for a couple of days, of suggestions of the importance to a magistrate of discovering the actual truth. These heavy attacks she followed up by lighter ones, about Anthony's attitude and heroism. Then, by artful insinuations as to her father's sympathy with a man in misfortune, whom in prosperity he had quarreled with, by smiles and tears, and protestations as to her future prudence, if he would only allow her to be a little imprudent now, she wrung from him, before he well knew what he was about, permission to go to the prison, some fifteen miles off, where Phillis was confined. And then, though he repented, Clarissa was so grateful to him—so loving—so altogether charming, particularly whenever she saw signs of relapse, that he hadn't the heart to say any more—not

that night—but went to bed, nevertheless, determined to fight the whole over again at breakfast-time, when, however, she was nowhere visible. She had guessed the danger, and evaded it by an early departure.

Two hours later she and Mr. Goaden stood in the waiting-room of the prison, while a matron went to the governor to ask for permission to see Miss Conyngham. Clarissa had taken care to fortify the request by sending in a card that showed who she was—the daughter of Dr. Pompea, the well-known and highly-esteemed magistrate.

Prisons were not then quite the formal, routine-governed places they are now. But the new ideas were penetrating through those hideous walls, slowly and fitfully; and one of the customs that had been recently established was likely to prove a barrier to all further advance on Clarissa's part.

She and her companion were led through one dreary corridor after another, hearing at times the shriek of some female maniac, that could hardly have been more horrible than it was if she were at the moment enduring some unutterable torture. Clarissa turned sick as she listened to it—shriek following shriek, each louder and madder than before, as if in accumulating ecstasy of anguish, terror, or utter senselessness.

"Don't be afraid, miss; it's only a mad woman lately come in. Nobody's meddling with her."

"It's not—not—" began Clarissa.

"Oh, dear, no—not the young person you come to see. She's quiet enough now, poor thing! She's even got over, I hope, the cutting off of her hair, which distressed her very much."

Clarissa said no more, and presently, after more windings and passing through of doors, which were unlocked and relocked as they moved, the three persons stood in a place dismal enough naturally, but where the sinister effect was enhanced by a thick wire screen, which shut off a space beyond.

"If you will wait here," said the matron, "I will fetch Phillis Conyngham. You will see her the other side of the screen, but I must warn you that I am obliged, also, to be there, and so situated that I see and hear all that passes."

As the matron went away, Clarissa could not help clasping her hands in distress, and whispering to Mr. Goaden:

"I can do nothing! I can do nothing! I shall never be able to think of the woman I come to see for thinking of the other woman there, who is watching us. Cruel, cruel fate! Who could have foreseen this?"

"Pardon me, madam," said the clerk, drawing her a little aside, "but you must not forget that the matter is, after all, more alarming in appearance than in reality. The main things sought are, I have no doubt, the observance of certain prison rules—to prevent improper things passing from hand to hand, check evil talk, and generally to guard the interests of justice. I think you must do just as you would have done had you been alone with her; and if you are checked, you can but take heed of the precise error, and go on again. The matron, you may depend upon it, will trouble herself little, knowing who you are."

Clarissa's eyes were drawn away by the light that entered through an open door behind the screen, and then literally fascinated by the pathetic beauty of the disfigured head that appeared, and which, the instant it caught sight of Clarissa, seemed to feel over again all the former pangs of shame at the loss of the hair. An exclamation, as if she had been trying to speak, but broke down, was followed by sobs; and for a time Clarissa could see little, and hear only the kind voice of the matron, trying to make Phillis calm, and regain her composure.

"I think she's better now," said the matron, after a little while, advancing, and speaking through the grate.

"Phillis," murmured Clarissa, in tones that seemed literally to plead to the unhappy woman to have faith, and take comfort, and recognize a sister.

"Yes, miss," was heard at last.

Clarissa saw the matron had moved as far away as she well could, and she reminded herself of Anthony, of the possibility that she might never again be able to influence this woman, and then she felt suddenly her fears and timidity die out, and her own faith and courage grow.

"Phillis, I come to you as a friend."

"God help me! I want friends."

"Are you better?"

"I'm no longer mad."

"Would you like to get away?"

The matron interposed. But Clarissa said, with a smile:

"Oh, no, my dear madam; I am no prison-breaker. Let me only go on, and you will see my aim is a very innocent—"

"And perfectly legal one," observed the clerk, in a low tone.

"And perfectly legal one," repeated Clarissa, "as a very respectable gentleman and lawyer, who is with me, observes."

The matron was silent, and drew back, but evidently in a watchful attitude.

"Phillis, if Mr. Sleuth does not prosecute you, is there any one else that can?"

"No," said Phillis, sharply, for she had, at that moment, caught, through a fresh beam of light, a glimpse of Clarissa's face and hair, and she thought of Sleuth, and his admiration for this lady, and it seemed to poison, for the moment, the sweetness and kindness of the tones and words addressed to her.

"And if you were set free, do you think you could throw any light on the charge brought against Mr. Anthony?"

"What?" almost shrieked Phillis. "What charge are you talking of?"

"His arrest for murder."

"Murder! Murder! Is it you who are mad, or my wife again falling me? Murder of whom?"

"Of Mr. Alderman Maude," said Clarissa.

"Merciful—merciful—merciful heaven!" Phillis

murmured slowly, with hands pressed against her temples, and her eyes raised heavenward.

"You think him innocent, Phillis, do you not?" There was no answer, only low and inexplicable murmurs of sentences, out of which even the matron could make nothing.

"You think him innocent, don't you?" repeated Clarissa, while she listened, as if a single word in answer might clear up the horrible mystery.

"I know he is. I—I—What did I say? I think my brain is going as it went before. Sweet lady, I mustn't let it do that. No, no. I can tell you nothing. Murder! I am very sorry both, for you and him."

"Then, even if I could move the authorities to release you, you cannot hold out to me any hope of helping to clear up this dreadful mystery?"

Noticing there was no immediate answer to this, the clerk whispered, so that no one but Clarissa could hear:

"Move as if to go away."

"Phillis, I came here, I repeat, as to a friend; but if you want no friend—"

"Oh!" moaned the miserable woman behind the screen.

Clarissa yearned to tear down that screen, to clasp her, warm her with the glow of love, and then appeal to her; but she saw her duty, and shut up, so to speak, her feelings.

"You know my father, Phillis, is a magistrate, and I thought he might have spoken to Mr. Sleuth, but I have no hope of doing you any good unless I can go to my father and say, 'If this unhappy girl be forgiven and released, she will be able to render us important help as regards Mr. Maude.' But it is not so. Farewell, then."

Clarissa waited, but there was no appeal to her to stop.

"I'm going, then, Phillis," and she moved a few paces as she spoke. "You'll wish me good-by?"

No; Phillis would only be silent.

The door was reached. Then, and then only, was there a piercing cry of misery raised that compelled Clarissa to wait and wonder.

"I think," said the compassionate matron, "if you'll give her time, she'll speak to you."

"No, no!" Clarissa heard, as if uttered under the breath.

"Yes, you will. Now I understand the lady's object; I say to you that, if she can obtain your release, by stating truthfully that you can give information—"

"Ay, truthfully!" echoed Phillis, in a hard, strange tone of voice.

"God knows, Phillis, you shall never say a word untruthfully at my instigation."

"May I ask you a question?" said Phillis, suddenly, in a tone so peculiar, so intensely quiet on the surface, so full of concentrated feeling below, that all listened in wonder.

"Yes."

"Does he—not Mr. Maude; I don't mean him—does he love you?"

Clarissa felt, in an instant, the full force of the query, and its immense significance. She had only to say, "Yes, he says so," to know that the woman before her, on whose action Anthony's fate probably hung, would at once fling all caution to the wind, and become her very slave, through the thirst for vengeance.

The clerk saw the emotion in Clarissa's face, and guessed the truth; but, with exemplary taste and judgment, said not a word.

Clarissa never could have conceived of a more cruel position. Was it not possible Phillis might even become untruthful, and try, in her thirst for vengeance, not to discover the truth, but to ruin Sleuth, and so only to save Anthony?

"You won't answer that?" said Phillis, with an air of malignity.

"I will, so far as I can. I do not love him."

"Yes, yes; I understand. Quick! What do you want of me?"

"Stay, Phillis. Let your kind friend there, the matron, hear me now assure you that it is truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, that is asked from you. Therefore, let no secret feeling move you to accept my offer, unless—"

"You waste precious time. There is no need to fear you can blacken him. I can speak! I will!"

"About the light cost?" murmured Clarissa, almost breathless with the agitation of her thought she was succeeding.

"Ay, and more."

"Do you solemnly say that to me now, after my warning to you, and in the presence of these persons, in the presence of your own aroused soul and conscience, in the presence of God?"

"I do say so."

"Enough. Calm yourself, Phillis, dear. Trust to me, not only now, but hereafter."

"Hereafter! Ha, ha, ha!"

Laughter and cries of intensest anguish, jostling with each other, answered that unfortunate word.

"Phillis."

"Yes."

"As to Mr. Sleuth?"

"Ay, as to him?"

"It is from him, perhaps, may have to come the order for your release. I don't understand these matters; but it is certain he must be persuaded you are repentant."

"Oh, tell him I am very repentant."

"Full of grief to find what you have done, on recovering from your temporary aberration of mind—"

"Say I'm sorry; that'll do, I think. I am sorry; be you sure of that now."

"And if it were to do over again—"

"Would do very different. Be sure you say that."

"In fine, I may say that, if you are released, you will not, under any circumstances, repeat your violence, but that you will tell the whole truth?"

"That is all! All! God knows that is all my heart's dearest desire now."

"And will you trust me? I don't think you will find me underserving."

Phillis's heart smote her. All the fierce passions

that had been raging during the last few minutes, below the forced outward demeanor of calm, disappeared, and poor Clarissa's last sight and last sound, in that prison, were the spectacle of the passionate-hearted woman praying for her, and almost choked with the violence of her grateful emotion.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS AND ITS YOUNG.

THERE can be little doubt that the "Behemoth" of Scripture, is identical with the animal we have named Hippopotamus. In the fortieth chapter of the Book of Job, Behemoth is spoken of as an animal "that lieth down in the shade of the trees, in the covert of the reeds and fens;" "whose bones are as bars of iron;" "He eateth grass like an ox;" "The shady trees cover him with their shadows, the willows of the brook compass him about;" "Behold, he drinketh up a river, he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth."

Although the researches of geologists have put it beyond doubt that, at a remote period of the world's history, the hippopotamus was common to Europe and Asia, it is now found only in Africa, and there not universally; with the exception of the Nile, none of the rivers that fall into the Mediterranean producing it. He is a shy brute, and retreats rapidly before civilization; indeed, it is only in the large and solitary rivers and lakes, running from the confines of the Cape Colony to about the twenty-third degree of north latitude, that the hippopotamus is found at home and at his ease.

And no beast of the field can boast of a home so vastly grand and beautiful; great silent lakes spread out on every side, with fairy islands dotting between—lands jutting green from the transparent water, and studded with the date, the black-stemmed mimosa, the wild wide-spreading sycamore, the elegant mahoms, and other great straggling, ragged fruit-bearing trees; the yellow and scarlet, and pearly-white fruit, flickering and flashing in the sun like colored lamps, and the wonderful fan-palm, each leaf of which is as delicate and daintily-shaped as a lady's fan, and which bears as fruit mahogany-colored apples, that have for a core a round, hard, stony substance, like ivory. Through the rank under-wood glide snakes of all the colors of the rainbow, and lizards, looking like animated masses of jewels; and above these, dart and flutter birds, large and small, some with forked tails, and some with crowns, some vermilion, and some the color of flame. Fancy camping and passing the night in such a solitude! Livingstone has done so many a time, and the effect was not lost on that observant traveler. He says: "We were close to the reeds, and could listen to the strange sounds which we often heard there. By day I had seen water-snakes putting up their heads and swimming about. There were great numbers of others which had made little spoors all over the plains, in search of the fishes among the tall grass of these flooded prairies; curious birds, too, jerked and wriggled amongst these reedy masses, and we heard human-like voices, and unearthly sounds, with splash, juggle, jup, as if rare fun were going on in their uncouth haunts."

Hippopotami are commonly found in families of from ten to thirty. Cumming once had a prime opportunity of observing an entire colony of these animals on the banks of the Limpopo. "Presently, in a broad and deeply-shaded pool of the river, we heard the sea-cows bellowing, and on approaching somewhat nearer, beheld a wonderful and interesting sight. On a sandy promontory of the island, stood about thirty cows and calves, whilst in the pool opposite, and a little below them, stood about twenty more sea-cows, with their heads and backs above water. About fifty yards further down the river, again showing out their heads, were eight or ten immense fellows, which I think were all bulls, and about a hundred yards below these, in the middle of the stream, stood another herd of eight or ten cows with calves, and two large bulls. The sea-cows lay close together, like pigs, and as they sprawl in the mire, have not the least objection to their neighbors pilloving their heads on their backs and sides."

They always choose a convenient landing-place, one where the bank has a long and easy incline, and this they use till they have eaten up all the provender which lies in that vicinity. Before going ashore, they watch for an hour, and sometimes two hours, near the landing, remaining quiet themselves, and listening for danger. The slightest token of the hunter's presence, on such occasions, sends them away for that night. If no danger appears, they begin to wade ashore in twos and threes. By-the-by, when Du Chaillu was in Equatorial Africa, he observed a peculiarity of this brute never before recorded. "After watching," says he, "for a great many times, the movements of the hippopotamus, I became assured that the huge crooked tusks, which give its mouth so savage an appearance, are designed chiefly to hook up the long river-grasses, on which these animals feed in great part. Often I have seen one descend to the bottom, remain a few minutes, and re-appear with its tusks strung with grass, which was then leisurely chewed up."

It has been asserted of the hippopotamus, that he is even more stupid than the pig, but the reports of modern and trustworthy explorers decidedly negative the assertion. The reader may please himself about pinning his faith to that great marvel-monger, Pliny, who tells us that, "the cunning and dexterity of this beast is so great, that he will walk backward in order to mislead his enemy." The hippopotamus, perhaps, in these go-ahead times, is too enlightened to indulge in this artful, though non-progressive habit; at least he has not been observed at the trick lately. They are, however, wonderfully keen in scenting a trap, and will pass at the brink of the most naturally covered pit, grunt knowingly, and walk round it. The "spoor" of a man discovered in their regular paths, is enough to rouse the suspicions of all the mother hippopotami of the neighborhood, and taking their young ones on their broad backs, they emigrate—several miles sometimes—to safer quarters. Nor will it in a hurry return to a pool that has once been approached by its terrible enemy, man. "When once a hippopotamus has been surprised in its watery dwelling," says Dr. Andrew Smith, "it will rarely be guilty of the same indiscretion a second time; and although its hands may not again be approached by hunters till after a long period has elapsed, it will survey such approaches, and perform the movements necessary for its respiration with a degree of caution, which clearly shows that it has not forgotten the misfortunes to which an opposite course had exposed it."

A COW THAT HELPED TO CONQUER THE REBEL-ION.—The New Albany (Ind.) Ledger gives the following: "At the agricultural fair at Charleston a certain cow, decorated with blue and red ribbons, was the observed of all observers. She was captured from the rebels by Sherman's army near Corinth, Miss., in the summer of 1862, and has accompanied the army in all its marches, counter-marches, raids and expeditions from that time up to the final disbandment of the army at Washington. She is the property of Gen. Clark, of New York, who, expecting to go on duty at New Orleans, had this cow sent westward with a view to taking her to this new field of duty. But the general being ordered back to New York, the cow will be sent thither and placed in the Central Park. This cow, during all her journeyings through Mississippi, Tennessee, Georgia, South and North Carolina, and Virginia—a period of three years—has never ceased to give milk, averaging three gallons a day, which she still gives. She is certainly a noble animal, and wears her ribbons gracefully."



CITY AMUSEMENTS—SKATING AT ST. JOHN'S PARK, HUDSON STREET.

SKATING AT ST. JOHN'S PARK.

ALL New York has been running mad over skating at the Central Park, skating at Hoboken, skating at Brooklyn, and half a hundred other places; but how many of our skating citizens or citizenesses know that in our very midst we have had ice and skating rivaling Central Park, and far surpassing many of the ponds we go miles to find?

When the late cold snap came, the keeper of St. John's Park—we don't know whether he is a Yankee or not—in Hudson street, just below Canal, and in the very heart of the city, having obtained permission from the trustees, who, no

doubt, thought physical as well as mental exercise good for the soul, had the whole Park flooded with water, and in forty-eight hours had a skating pond, comprising several acres in extent, of capital ice. To this pond he admitted the general public, for the ridiculously small sum of ten cents, legal stamps, for unlimited enjoyment; and we are happy to say his enterprise was properly appreciated, for on the glassy surface some hundreds continually disported, while in the old man's pocket a variety of small currency did the same, adding something to his not over princely income, and, without doubt, contributing as much to his enjoyment as he has to that of the lads and lassies of that locality.

THE MODERN NOSE-RINGS OF Nubian and Egyptian Women.

ONE of the most interesting books that has found its way from the London press for a long time, is "Up the Nile and Home Again," by F. W. Fairholt, F. S. A.

Mr. Fairholt has started out, not only with the vein and vigor for travel that allows him to tell his story pleasantly, but with the education to follow out his siftings. From his book we take a little gossip about nose-rings, with the engravings representing those worn by the belles of that vicinity in this day. On examination, it will be seen that these said rings do not differ so mate-

rially from the ear-rings now fashionable among our own dainty fair ones; and who can tell but in some not far distant day, Fifth Avenuedom may adopt the nose-ring? Now for Mr. Fairholt and the Nubian ladies of Edfou.

In their noses is invariably placed a ring, generally of copper, sometimes of gold; to which are appended small metal ornaments of red earthen beads. Two specimens of these rings are here given; it will be noted that they are never hung, as most Europeans imagine, from the centre cartilage of the nose, but always through the right nostril. Miss Martineau, who should be, as a lady, a more competent authority than myself on the subject of becoming female costume and its accessories, is inclined to look more favorably on this fashion (remembering the taste of the European ladies for heavy ear-rings) than most others have done and argues, not without reason, that if the flesh of the fair sex be ever rudely punctured, to hang therefrom any extraneous ornament, there is really little difference between the ear and the nose, except as custom reconciles the practice.



NUBIAN EAR-RINGS.

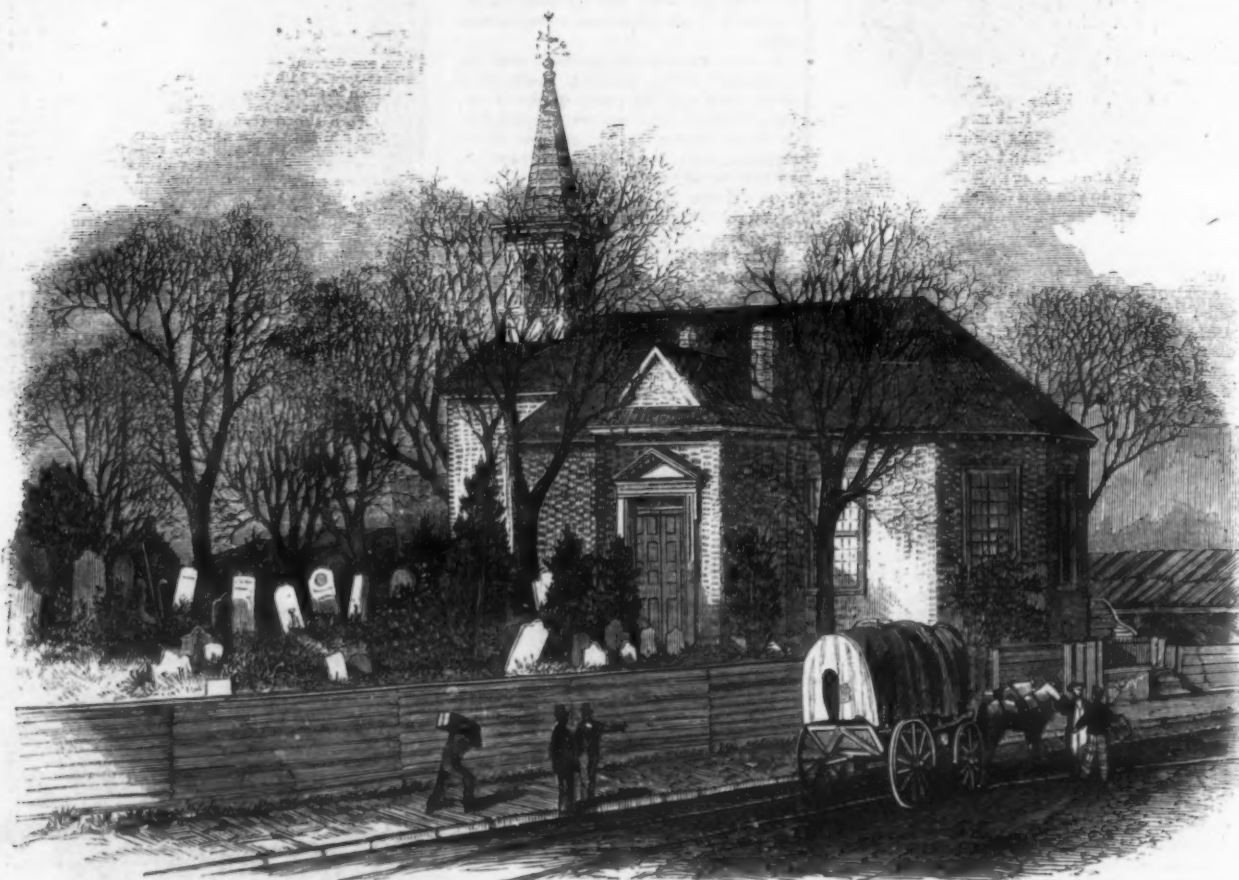
The ear-rings worn by the ordinary classes are large and peculiar; they are very cheap—about the rate of four-pence per pair. They are made of plates of gilt copper, struck up in a die, with a few ornamental protuberances, and having a row of smaller pendants attached to the lower part. This love for pendants is universal, and indulged whenever there is a chance of doing it. Rude as these things are, the boldness of their design gives them an exceedingly good effect, the dark skins of the wearers acting as an excellent foil, and the general poverty of their attire lending a sort of idea of value even to articles of such rough workmanship as these. Between the ear-rings is placed a finger-ring of the value of one half-penny; it is cast in pewter, the central jewel being a bit of glass, colored beneath with a tint of yellow, upon which some red spots are daubed. The necklaces are generally earthen beads, sometimes glass, of various tints; the bracelets and anklets simple bands of copper; the girls having attached to their ank-



NUBIAN NOSE-RINGS.



NUBIAN NOSE RING.



A RELIC OF THE OLDER TIME—THE OLD SWEDEN CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA—SEE PAGE 375.

sw of small bells, which ring



CAPT. JUAN WILLIAMS REBOLLADO.

as they run; small pebbles and fragments of stone are placed in them to give the due sound. At Kalabhe I obtained a very good example of a nose-ring. It is as flexible as pewter, and decorated with small indentations; from the same wearer was obtained the larger ear-ring, (both being represented to a scale of one-half the size of the originals); it is of silver, decorated with reeded open-work ornament at one end, which terminates with a red bead. It is too heavy to hang to the ear, so the lobe of it was inserted in the aperture, and the ring kept in place by a thin strap of leather, which passed over the head, another ring in the centre giving a means of securing it there. The woman from whom they were obtained, when with difficulty persuaded to part with them, had to secure the approbation of her heirs-at-law, who had reversionary interest in them (for they pass from mother to daughter, or

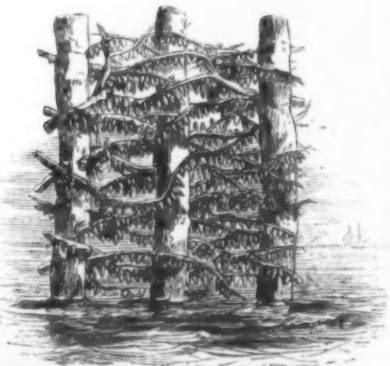


THE BIRTHPLACE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

next relative, and are consequently sometimes of ancient workmanship); and a large group of them assembled to witness the sale, and take a share of the proceeds.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S BIRTH-PLACE.

WOOLSTHORPE Manor House, the birthplace of Sir Isaac Newton, is situated in a little valley in the parish of Colsterworth, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire, at the distance of about 103 miles



MUSSEL NETS IN FRANCE.

from London. The building itself presents nothing to attract attention; but as the house in which one of the best men and one of the greatest philosophers of modern times first saw the light, it will be viewed with affectionate reverence by all who esteem high genius and true nobleness of heart.

The Newtons appear to have located themselves at Woolsthorpe as early as the year 1561, having come thither from Westby, in Lincolnshire.

Sir Isaac Newton was born on Christmas Day, 1642, O. S., nearly three months after the death of his father. He was an extremely weakly child, and for some time it was thought he would not live; he is also said to have been so small for many days after his birth "that he might have been put into a quart pot." He did, however, at last spring up, and as he grew, gradually mastered the natural weakness of his constitution.

He used to relate that he was always very negligent at school, and very low in his class, until he happened to be insulted one day by a boy above him, when he determined to be revenged, not only by giving his superior a sound thrashing (which was promptly administered on the spot), but by the more noble method of superseding him in his studies. This determination gave a new bent to his character, and from that day he continued rising in the school till he was head boy. When he left the Grantham school, it was determined by his mother, after great deliberation, and at the earnest solicitation of his uncle, who had observed indications of his great genius, to send him to Cambridge, whither he repaired in 1660, being admitted to Trinity College on June 5 in that year. Here he remained several years, applying himself closely to the acquisition of the more abstruse branches of knowledge, to the dissemination of which, means are appropriated in that university. The fruits of his studies were not made public until a very late period, and even then, only at the persuasion of his friends, and against his own well-known desire. Yet it is remarkable that nearly all the theories and opinions which have ranked his name first among modern philosophers, were conceived, and the demonstration of them considerably advanced, while he was yet a young man.

In 1665 he left Cambridge for a short time, in consequence of the plague, which in that year committed such ravages in all the great towns and cities throughout Europe, and retired to his house at Woolsthorpe (having inherited it in 1663 from his mother), where he passed the autumn of that year.

It was on this occasion, and while sitting in the garden, that the falling of an apple from a tree led to that train of thought which ultimately produced his beautiful theory of gravitation.

"Sir Isaac lived in London ever since the year 1696, when he was made warden of the mint; nobody ever lived with him but my wife (his niece), who was with him nearly twenty years before and after her marriage. He always lived in a very handsome, generous manner, though without ostentation or vanity; he was always hospitable, and upon proper occasions gave splendid entertainments."

When he first came to London he lived in Jermyn street, but he afterward removed to a house in St. Martin's street, Leicester square, where he built an observatory, which still exists in its original state. Here he continued to reside till within a short period of his death, when he retired to Kensington, at which place he died March 20, 1727, in the 85th year of his age.

In person Sir Isaac Newton was of middle stature, rather inclining to corpulency in his latter years. He had a benignant expression of countenance, to the effect of which his hair, white as silver, greatly contributed. He was blessed with a strong constitution, and to his last illness had the bloom of health mantling in his cheeks.



SCENES IN AFRICA—HIPPOPOTAMUS SWIMMING A RIVER WITH ITS YOUNG.

CAPTAIN JUAN WILLMS REBOLLADO.

THE gallant capture of the Spanish war vessel Covadonga, by the Chilean frigate Esmeralda, has shown Spain that she cannot trifle with even the smallest of the South American republics. That success is the presage of greater success in the future, now that Peru has joined her fleet to that of Chile. The Esmeralda was commanded by Capt. Juan Williams Rebollado, who was born in Ancud, capital of the province and island of Chiloe, in the year 1830. His father was an English officer of Marines, John Williams, who entered the Chilean service, and was for some time commandant of the port of Ancud. Young Williams may be said to have been born and reared on the sea, as are most of the inhabitants of the archipelago. In 1843 he entered the Chilean navy, serving through every grade up to the rank of captain. He was put in command of the Esmeralda on the appearance of the Spanish squadron on the coast, and succeeded not only in evading their attack with superior strength, but, through enterprise and vigor, was able to inflict on it a severe and humiliating blow. In the contest thus begun, we may expect that Capt. Williams will play an important part, and that the Spanish squadron will never return to Spain.

THE DUCKING STOOL.

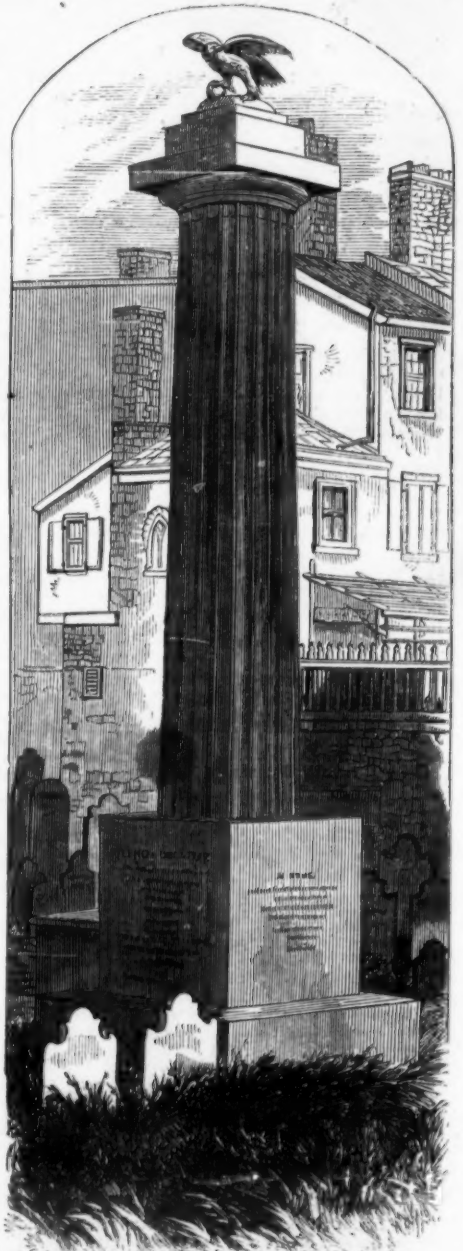
In these days of reverence for women, it can hardly be realized that in "the good old times" instruments were invented for their torture, and that not only men allowed them to labor under all their natural disadvantages, but added to them in every way by persecution, especially if she happened to be old and ugly.

It was not alone in England that the ducking-stool was used, but in this land of the free and the home of the brave, the vile instrument was made a medium to extort confession, when the object seized upon was to be convicted as a witch, a scold, or any of the numerous obsolete crimes it was fashionable at that day to fasten on the weaker sex.

The manner of its use was to seat the woman in the chair, binding her fast, of course, and by wheeling the cumbersome carriage to the edge of the river or pond, hold her suspended over the water. At a signal, the lever upon the front of the machine was raised, and the poor victim was soured into the element below. Sometimes—as in the shower-bath punishment in prisons—this would produce death; but as in the case of the minister, who, in baptizing, allowed the convert to slip out of his hands and drown, there was nothing to do but hand along another.



AN ANCIENT INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE—THE DUCKING STOOL.



THE TOMB OF STEPHEN DECATUR.

The last instance positively known of the use of the ducking-stool was in 1754, when a woman was ducked at Kingston, England for being a common scold. The sentence was carried into effect in the Thames.

TOMB OF STEPHEN DECATUR.

At St. Peter's Churchyard, Philadelphia, there rises a stern granite column, to mark the spot where lie the remains of Stephen Decatur, a man whose memory is cherished within the hearts of all his countrymen, and who needs no stone to perpetuate the services he rendered our country in its early and trying need. We feel that there can be no history of him written so well, as to give the inscriptions from the stone that marks his resting-place:

(North Side.)

STEPHEN DECATUR.
Born January 8th, 1779.
Entered the Navy of the United States
as Midshipman,
April 30th, 1799.
Made Captain
For Distinguished Merit,
Passing over the rank of Commander,
February 16th, 1804.
Died
March 22d, 1820.

(West Side.)

A Name
Brilliant from a Series of
Heroic Deeds
on the coast of Barbary,
and illustrious
by achievements against
more Disciplined Enemies:
The Pride of our Navy.
The Glory of the
Republic.

(South Side.)

The Gallant Officer,
whose prompt and active valor,
always on the watch,
was guided by a wisdom
and supported by a firmness
which never tired!
Whose exploits in arms
Reflected
the Daring Actions of
Romance and Chivalry.

(East Side.)

Devoted to his country
by
Patriot Father,
he cherished in his heart,
and sustained by his
Intrepid Actions,
the inspiring sentiment,
"Our Country! Right or Wrong."
A nation
gave him, in return,
its applause and gratitude.

BOY LOST.

EDWIN W. ROOME left his home, at No. 10 Cherry street, Boston, on the 24th of June, 1864, almost two years since, and his mother writes to us, sending the photograph of him, which is accurately engraved on the last page of this paper, asking help from all the world to find her boy.

Edwin was 12 years of age on the 14th of the same month he went away in. He wore away a navy blue cloth pants, coat, and vest, light-colored straw hat, had light straight hair, large blue eyes, round, full face, small-featured, with a scar on the right side of chin, caused by the kick of a horse. He was four feet eight inches high, weighed sixty-five pounds. He was of a very quick, smart turn in his ways. Information can be sent to his mother, as above, or to this office.

THE MUSSEL NETS OF FRANCE.

In this country we have become familiar with pisciculture, or the breeding of fish, and are advancing so bravely in it, that the New York market is beginning to be supplied with trout cultivated in its vicinity; but so far, we have not known much about the culture of oysters, and less of that of mussels, the last-mentioned not being esteemed a delicacy in American markets, while in France it is not only so esteemed, but is cultivated, and many contrivances used for improving and taking them.

Mussel-culture has been carried on with immense success on a certain part of the coast of France, for a period of no less than seven centuries! So long ago as the year of grace 1135, an Irish bark was wrecked in the Bay of Aiguillon. The cargo and one of the crew were saved by the humanity of the fishermen inhabiting the coast. The name of the one man who was thus saved from shipwreck, was Walton, and he gave to the people, in gratitude for saving his life, the germ of a marvelous fish-breeding idea. He invented artificial mussel-culture. The net, or bag-trap, which he employed in catching the night-birds which floated on the water, was fixed in the mud by means of tolerably strong supports, and he soon found out that the parts of his net which were sunk in the water, had intercepted large quantities of mussel-spaw, which in time grew into the finest possible mussels, larger in size and finer in quality than those grown upon the neighboring mud. From less to more, this simple discovery progressed into a regular industry, which at present forms almost the sole occupation of the inhabitants of the neighboring shores. The apparatus for the growth of the mussel, with which the bay is now almost covered, is called a *bouchot*, and is of very simple construction. A number of strong piles or stakes, each twelve feet in length, and six inches in diameter, are driven into the mud to the depth of six feet, at a distance of about two feet from each other, and are ranged in two converging rows, so as to form a V, the sharp point of which is always turned toward the sea, that the stakes may offer the least possible resistance to the waves. These two rows form the frame-work of the *bouchot*. Strong branches of trees are then twisted and interwoven into the upper part of the stakes, which are six feet in height, until the whole length of the row is, by this species of basket-work on a large scale, formed into a strong fence or palisade. A space of a few inches is left between the bottom of the fence and the surface of the mud, to allow the water to pass freely between the stakes when the tide ebbs and flows. The sides of the *bouchot* are from 200 to 250 metres long, and each *bouchot*, therefore, forms a fence of about 450 metres, six feet high. There are now some 500 of these *bouchots*, or breeding-grounds, in the Bay of Aiguillon, making a fence of 225,000 metres, extending over a space of eight kilometres, or five miles, from the point of St. Clements to the mouth of the river of Marais. The various operations of mussel-culture are designated by agricultural terms—such as sowing, planting, transplanting, etc. Toward the end of April, the seed (*semence*), fixed during February and March to the stakes of the *bouchot du bas*, is about the size of a grain of flax, and is then called *naissans*. By the month of July it attains the size of a bean, and is called *renouveau*, and is then ready for transplantation to a less favorable

state of existence upon the *bouchot batard*, where the action of the tide would probably have retarded its growth if transplanted earlier. In the month of July, then, the *bouchotiers* direct their canoes toward the isolated stakes, bearing the *semence*, now developed into the *renouveau*, which they detach by means of a hook fixed to the end of a pole. Care is taken to gather such a quantity as they are able to transplant during low water—the only time when this operation can be carried on. The *semence*, placed in baskets, is transported by means of the canoe to the fences of the *bouchot batard*. The operation of fixing the *renouveau* upon the palisades of the *bouchot batard* is called *la batrisse*. The *semence*, enclosed in bags of old net, is placed in all the empty spaces along the palisades, until the hurdles are quite covered, sufficient space being left between the bags to admit of the growth of the young mussels. The bags soon rot and fall to pieces, leaving the young mussels adhering to the sides of the *bouchot*. The mussels by-and-by attain a large size, and grow so close to each other that the whole fence looks like a wall blackened by fire. They are then ready for gathering, and are thinned out by the owner, pretty much the same as fruit is gathered by the farmer.

FACTS AND FIGURES RELATING TO NEW YORK CITY.

THE following are some interesting facts about New York furnished by the City Mission:

Until we have the official returns of the State census lately taken, we must rely on the United States census of 1860 to furnish the number of the people of New York, which was at that date 513,668. Of the population of the city in 1860, 429,952 were born in the United States, and 288,717 were born in foreign countries, of 42 different nationalities. The number of marriages in the city in a year is 3,272. The number of births in the city during the year is 6,434. The number of deaths in the city during a year is 26,196. There are 84,338 dwelling-houses in the city. There are 155,707 families living in the city. There are nearly three families on an average in every dwelling. There are nearly 15 persons on an average to every dwelling. There are 15,000 tenement-houses, containing 485,000 persons. The city taxes are \$18,000,000 a year. The money spent in public amusements is \$7,000,000 a year. For the support of the Police \$2,000,000 a year is required. 17,000 immigrants per month land at Castle Garden. There are 350 churches, chapels and missions of all kinds with accommodations for 300,000 persons. There are 275 Protestant places of worship, with accommodation for 200,000 persons. There are 216 regularly organized Protestant churches, with an average membership of 300, which would give a total of 64,800 communicants. There are 350 Sabbath schools, of all denominations, with an attendance of 87,000 pupils. There are 280 Protestant Sabbath schools, with an attendance of 70,000 pupils. The number of children in the city between the ages of 5 and 15 years is 146,460. In the schools, under the care of the Board of Education, there is an average attendance of 84,976. In parochial schools, industrial schools, private schools, colleges, &c., there must be 20,000 more. In the public schools and private schools, &c., there are probably 104,973 regularly in attendance. Of the 41,487 of suitable age still remaining unaccounted for, we may estimate that 25 per cent are detained at home by sickness and poverty; 25 per cent are at work, and the balance are found among the vagrants, beggars, pilferers, and rowdies. Twenty-four per cent of the population are between the ages of 20 and 30 years. Taking the census of 1860 still as our basis, 24 per cent of 516,669 yields us 125,200; the sexes being nearly equally divided, this proportion would give us, say 97,500 young men. It is probable there are as many as 10,000 places where intoxicating liquors are sold. Suppose the receipts of these upon an average to be only \$500 each, and we shall have \$5,000,000 as the gross amount expended in that direction. There are hidden works of darkness that elude all scrutiny, and yet, from police investigations and medical testimony, we can make some calculations of the numbers of those who are leading a life of shame. It will be safe to say that there are 7,500 prostitutes, and 2,500 other women who visit houses of assignation, &c., making a total of 10,000. The value of the real and personal property invested in the business cannot be short of \$5,000,000. And the amount of money spent in honor of ill-fame, and the amount required for the expenses of carnal and humane institutions growing out of the terrible evil, must make a total of \$5,000,000 more. The average duration of life after entering on a life of prostitution is four years; so that more than 1,800 of these miserable women die every year.

EFFECTS OF NON-RECIPROCITY.

THE Toronto *British Whig* publishes the following humorous account of the probable effect of the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty between Canada and the United States:

"It is all up with us, ladies and gentlemen. Our days are numbered, our doom is sealed. On the 17th day of March next, the Reciprocity Treaty ceases, and the sun of American prosperity shines no more on our benighted Canada. No more shall American greenbacks provide us with the necessities of life; no more shall the American Eagle take us under the shadow of his protecting wing. The United States Senate has spoken, and Canada's place on the map is henceforth to be a blank. On the 17th day of March, vegetation ceases north of the St. Lawrence. Grain will refuse to sprout, and potatoes and turnips will turn into stones. The water will dry up in the streams, and non-reciprocity, like a plague, will attack the cattle, killing them off by thousands. The wells of Bothwell and Enniskillen will stop their flow of oil so completely that not even a sheriff's writ could find an indication, and the Tecumseh will be turned into a poor-house for the reception of destitute oil speculators and their families. Steamboats shall ply no longer on our waters, and the rails of the Grand Trunk and Great Western roads will be sold for old iron, to help to pay the war debt of the United States. The trees shall all disappear from the face of the country, and Senator Sumner will be found on the last stump, with a copy of the act annulling Reciprocity in his hand, advocating the Monroe doctrine, and explaining the beauties of non-intercourse, and a high tariff. Starvation will stalk through the land from Sandwich to Gaspe. The inhabitants will dwindle to skeletons, and so emaciated will they become, that not even Bryant's Palmolive Wafers, Canadian Painkiller, nor Dr. Fott's can restore their lost animation. There will be no property-holders, no voters; the vested question of representation by population will be set at rest, and the Hon. George Brown will retire into private life. There will be no more weddings, no whisky cocktails, no old maids, no cigars, no bribery at elections, no Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup, no babies, no lawyers, no young ladies promenading the streets, no washing days, no 24th of May (except the 4th of July), no sun, no moon, no anything else. The cities of London, Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, &c. will crumble to pieces, and Princess T. Barnum will be found among the ruins picking up the bones of the inhabitants as relics for his museum. Canada will be a wilderness to be avoided by travelers, as they would the Sahara, and future explorers will look in vain for any traces of past civilization. Angry mothers will quiet squalling babes with the threat of sending them to Canada, and political offenders in the United States will be sentenced to banishment to this desolate region, as a punishment worse than death. Let us be prepared, then; let us expect our fate with becoming resignation, and show Andy Johnson, and Seward, and the rest of them, that Britons may be starved, but they never, never, never shall be slaves!"

Why is President Johnson like Chimborazo? Because he is the greatest of all the Andies.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

SIR JAMES MACINTOSH invited Dr. Parr to take a drive in his gig. The horse became restive. "Gently, Jimmy," said the doctor; "don't irritate him; always soothe your horse, Jimmy. You'll do better without me. Let me down, Jimmy." Once on terra firma, the doctor's view of the case was changed. "Now, Jimmy, touch him up; never let a horse get the better of you. Touch him up, conquer him, don't spare him; I'll walk back."

A NEW JERSEY paper tells a story of a well-known character, who frequently figured on juries in New York. When on a jury, as soon as they had retired to their room to deliberate, he would button up his coat and "turn in" on a bench, exclaiming: "Gentlemen, I'm for bringing in a verdict for the plaintiff (or the defendant, as he had settled in his mind), and all creation can't move me. Therefore, as soon as you have all agreed with me, wake me up, and we'll go in!"

The finest idea of a thunder-storm was when Wiggins came home tight. Now Wiggins is a teacher, and had drunk too much lemonade or something. He came into the room among his wife and daughters, and just then he tumbled over the cradle, and fell whop on the floor. After a while he rose, and said:

"Wife, are you hurt?"
"No."
"Daughters, are you hurt?"
"No."
"Terrible clap, wasn't it?"

THE writer of *Punch's* "Table-Talk" says: "I knew a young lady who said she didn't like turtle soup. Affectionately rebuking her, I was answered, piteously, that she didn't much object to the taste, but that she thought it so cruel and wicked to kill turtle-doves."

A TEMPERANCE lecturer descending on the essential and purifying qualities of cold water, remarked as a knock down argument:

"When the world had become so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing with it, he was obliged to give it a thorough sousing in cold water."

"Yes," replied the toper, "but it killed every darned critter on the face of the earth."

A SON of Neptune, who was in the habit of quarreling with his better half, was one day remonstrated with by the minister of the parish, who told him he and his wife ought to live on more amicable terms, as they were both one.

"One!" said the old salt, shifting his quid; "if you should come by the house sometimes, blast my tarry top-lights, if you wouldn't think we were about twenty."

A DRUNKEN French soldier, quarreling with his corporal, ended by saying:

"Hold your tongue, you are not a man."
"I will prove the contrary," returned the corporal, getting angry.

"Never," replied the soldier, "you cannot. What does the major say when he orders out the guard at parade? Doesn't he always say, 'four men and a corporal?' That shows that a corporal is not a man."

"BILL DAD, the Scribe," of the *Golden Era*, lately visited a school in San Francisco, and made a speech about as sensible as half that are made on like occasion. He said: "Young Ladies and Gentlemen—You are gathered here for the purpose of obtaining an education. Education consists in being educated to respect education, and learning, and education. Education teaches us that education comprises all things learned from education. Educate yourselves, and when you have a good education, you will bless the day that you learned a good education."

MISS FAWCETT, the English actress, was one evening dressing for a part, when a boy attached to the theatre knocked at the door.

"Please, miss, there's a woman at the back, who says she wants two orders to see the play."

"What is her name? Go and ask her. I promised no orders."

"I did ask her name, but she said it was no use telling it, because you didn't know her."

"Not know her? And she expects orders? Has the woman her faculties about her?"

"I think she has, ma'am, for I see her have a bundle tied up in a pocket handkerchief under her arm."

THE following is a *verbatim ad liberam* report of the evidence given in the Magistrates' Court, by a negro man named Doctor Jones, who accused another negro named Washington, of stealing his watch:

"I see name Doctor Jones—name so 'cause old master named Doctor. I was settin' in de shop; my watch hanging on the wall. Dat nigger (pointing to Washington) come in, sot down, got up, went out, an de watch was dismised. Dat's all I know about."

REV. ROBERT COLLYER tells a story of a Yorkshire woman—wanting to make bread—who sent her husband with a mug to the tavern to get some yeast. On his way the pug-gang met him, knocked him down, put him on board a ship, and thought his fate was sealed by his wife, seven years went by without a word from the lost husband. But he lived through it, served out his time, was paid off, and started for his old home, procuring on the way a mug as near like the one lost as possible, procuring the yeast that had cost him so dear, walked into the house with it, saying:

"Here, lass, I brought thee that yeast," and the lass said, "I knew thee would bring it, John, if ever thee came back alive."

HERE are some samples of the Jokes of Merry England in the year of our Lords, a MCCCCC, and XI:

"How many calves taylor, asks *Demandes Joyous*, behoueth to reche from the erthe to the skye? R.—No more but one, an' it be long ynough. D.—Why dothe an ox or a cowe lye? R.—Because she cannot syte. D.—What people be they that lye not in no wyse to be prayd for? R.—They be beggars and poore people, whan men say "God helpe them," when theyr sake almes. D.—What space is from ye hyst space of the see to the deepest? R.—But a stones cast. D.—Whiche be the moost profitabyl sayntes in the chyrche? R.—They that stande in ye glass wyndowes; for theyr kepe out the wynde from wasyngs of the lyght. D.—What is it that freeth never? R.—That is hote water. D.—Why dothe a dogge tourse hym thyres aboute or that he lyeth hym downe? R.—Because he knoweth not his beddes head from the fete."

WHY is a petroleum speculator like the Secretary of the Navy? Because he is giddy on wells.

"PRAY, sir," said a judge angrily, to a blunt old Quaker from whom no direct answer could be obtained, "do you know what we sit here for?"

"Yes, verily, I do," said the Quaker; "three of you for four dollars each day, and the fat one in the middle for four thousand a year."

ARABIAN LAUGHING PLANT.—In Palgrave's "Central and Eastern Arabia" some particulars are given in regard to a curious narcotic plant. Its seeds, in which the active principle seems chiefly to reside, when pounded and administered in a small dose, produce effects much like those ascribed to Sir Humphrey Davy's laughing-gas; the patient dances, sings, and performs a thousand extravagances, till, after an hour of great excitement to himself and amusement to the bystanders, he falls asleep, and on awakening, has lost all memory of what he did or said while under the influence of the drug. To put a pinch of this powder into the coffee of some unsuspecting person is not an uncommon joke, nor is it said that it was ever followed by serious consequences, though an over-quantity might, perhaps, be dangerous. The author tried it on two individuals, but in proportions, if not absolutely homoeopathic, still sufficiently minute to keep on the safe side, and witnessed its operation, laughable enough, but very harmless.

Notice to the Trade.

On the 1st of March will be issued the first number of an Illustrated Monthly Periodical, for the Young, entitled,

Frank Leslie's Children's Friend.

This will be the cheapest, most instructive and amusing Magazine ever published for young folks; full of interesting matter, with numerous illustrations. Although the object of the publisher is to please children exclusively, yet the publication will have sufficient general interest to amuse grown-up people. The instruction, as well as the recreation of children, will be combined in FRANK LESLIE'S CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

There are several admirable periodicals for youth of advanced years, but there is a real want existing: of something within the reach and capacity of younger children, which they can read and appreciate, and which shall be sufficiently cheap to be within the reach of the poorest families.

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WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY.—G. C. Merriam & Co., of Springfield, Mass., have just published another new edition of this more than valuable work. They say it contains over 3,000 new engravings; 10,000 words and meanings not found in other dictionaries; over 30 able American and European scholars were employed upon this revision, and 30 years of labor expended upon it. Among the collaborators are Dr. Mahn, of Berlin; Professors Porter, Dana, Whitney, Hedy, Lyman, Gilman and Thacher; Capt. Craighill, of West Point Military Academy; Judge J. C. Perkins, Professor Sillies, A. L. Hooley, Esq., &c., &c. Several tables of great value, one of them of 60 quarto pages, explanatory and pronouncing of names in fiction, of persons and places, pseudonyms, &c., &c., as Abaddon, Acadia, Albany Regency, Mother Carey, Mason and Dixon's Line, Mr. Alcazar, &c. Containing one-fifth or one-fourth more matter than any former editions. From new electrotype plates and the "Riverside Press." And as we find, on examination, that all they say is correct, we can on y feel that we are doing the public a great benefit by calling their attention to it. There is no work in the English language of its kind to bear comparison, and none so essentially necessary to every person.

EXECUTIONS AMONG THE JEWS.—The Hebrews had no executioner. When a man was guilty of homicide, the execution devolved on the next of kin, by the right of blood-revenge; in other cases, criminals were stoned by the people, the witnesses setting the example; and when the king or chief ordered a person to be put to death, the office was performed by the person to whom the order was given, and this was generally a person whose consideration in life bore some proportion to that of the person to be slain. Thus Solomon gave the commission to kill Joab, the commander-in-chief, to Benahai, a person of so much distinction, as to be himself immediately promoted to the command which the death of Joab left vacant. In fact, the office, even of a regular executioner, is not by any means dishonorable in the East. The post of chief executioner is, in most Oriental courts, one of honor and distinction. Thus, when there was no regular executioner, it came to be considered a post of honor to put a distinguished person to death; and, on the other hand, the death itself was honorable in proportion to the rank of the person by whom the blow was indicated. It was the greatest dishonor to perish by the hands of a woman or a slave. We see this feeling distinctly in the narrative where the two princes much prefer to die by Gideon's own hand than that of a youth who had obtained no personal distinction. As to the hero commissioning his son to perform this office, it was, perhaps, partly to honor him with the distinction of having slain two chief enemies of Israel, as well as because the rules of blood-revenge made it necessary that the execution of those who had slain his own brethren should be performed by himself or a member of his own family. It seems very probable, from all that transpired, that Oreb and Zeeb had slain the brethren of Gideon, after they had taken them captive, in the same way that they were themselves slain.

A COMPLIMENT TO A NEW YORK ARTIST.—We take the following from the *Missouri Republican*, of Jan. 28th: "One of our citizens, who has excellent artistic taste, and feels an interest in the encouragement of merit, has, in his collection of paintings, two very elegant works by a New York artist, showing genius of a high order. The subjects are, 'The Shipwreck' and 'Drifting Ankers.' The last is a rare, and masterly conception. Prominent is a tall, b. etting cliff, lashed by the mad waves of ocean, which rush upon it and spend their fury among the rocky ledges of the shore. In the foreground, clinging to a portion of a wreck, is described the form of a sailor. The artist has grandly delineated the presence of the tempest in the clouds and in the water, and with a delicacy and fidelity of coloring that equally demand wonder and admiration from the beholder. The rush of the billows, the gling up their white caps, and surging upon the rocks, is a splendid piece of painting. A more detailed and less imaginative subject is 'The Shipwreck,' but the same faithfulness of coloring is to be seen in that, as in the other. They are the work of Mr. Granville Perkins, of New York, for whom it is easy to predict a career of remarkable success, taking these as specimens of his claims to distinction as an artist."

NEW TRAJAN'S COLUMN.—A celebrated pork contractor for the Federal army presented himself at a sculptor's atelier in Rome, and stated his intention of sending a durable monument of himself to adorn his native place in America. With an amiable candor he explained to the artist that he had begun life as a poor boy selling matches, and by lucky speculations had attained his present gigantic greatness. "Now," he continued, "I've seen a monument in this city as suits my views to a nicety. A slender column with little fingers running up all round it, and a chap at the top."

"Trajan's column," suggests the artist.
"It's aye it may be; and I wish you to sculpt me jes such another, a workin' out the whole of my bargain, beginning at the bottom with a boy sellin' matches, and then keep on windin' it up till it ends with me in an easy attitude at the top!"

STREET CRIES OF CATRO.—"The lupins of Nubali are sweeter than almonds!" a blue catlain, with a sack on his back, announce. A soon after is heard the cry of a water-carrier, "May God requite it to me!" accompanied by the clatter of cups. Almost at the same moment I heard the cries, "May God grant that I easily get rid of them, oh lemons!" and "Fragrance of Paradise," with which the leader in the henna-bon-som tries to induce the passers-by to purchase. "Oh, arouser of compassion, oh Lord!" a beggar grunts, and a member of the same guild, possessed of greater self-respect, shouts almost simultaneously, "I am the guest of God and of the prophet!"

It is stated that Alfred Tennyson has given two private readings, at a guinea a ticket, full dress, and only the invited admitted. His two entertainments netted him 880 odd pounds sterling, about \$1,700. He wrote a poem for George Smith, of the *Cornhill Magazine*, at a guinea a word. He has also had an American indicted who, in reverence for the poet, climbed into Tennyson's garden and broke a twig for a keepsake.

UTILITY AND BEAUTY.—The usefulness of sewing-machines is acknowledged. To get the best among the many, is very desirable. To cover the whole ground is very hard. We are told that the *Florence* approximates to complete perfection. Its workings are wonderful. There is no snarling or breaking of the threads. The tension takes care of itself. It will gather and sew a ruffle at once. It sews both ways. It makes Four Stitches. The universal satisfaction it gives guarantees its simplicity, its capacity and general perfection. To the interested, we say, go and see; it is worth looking at—305 Broadway.

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